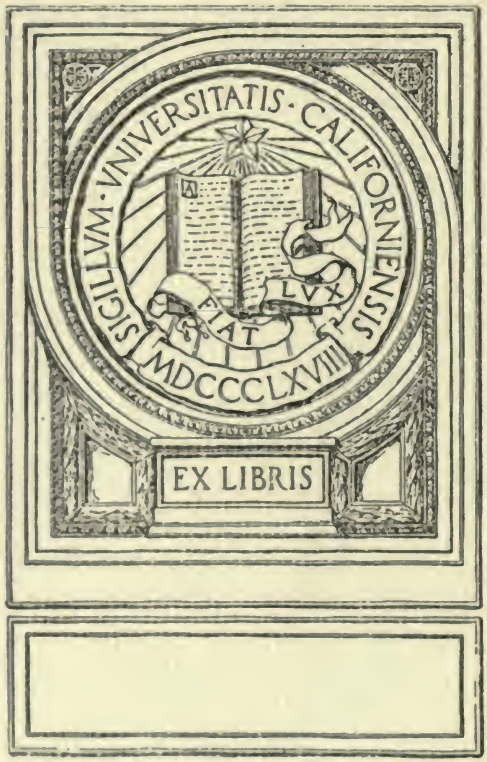
WAR-TIME FRANCE

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN COMMISSION IN FRANCE

MAJOR F. R. STODDARD


SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
LVX
FIAT
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

WAR TIME FRANCE

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN COMMISSION ABROAD

WAR TIME FRANCE

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN COMMISSION ABROAD

BY

MAJOR F. R. STODDARD, JR.

NEW YORK
MOFFAT, YARD AND COMPANY
1918

D548
S8

Copyright, 1918, by
MOFFAT, YARD & COMPANY

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

DEDICATION

To my Comrades of the VETERAN CORPS OF ARTILLERY *and the* NINTH COAST ARTILLERY CORPS *of the* NEW YORK GUARD, *with whom have been some of my happiest associations.*

436073

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/wartimefrancesto00stodrich

INTRODUCTION

BACK and forth across the Atlantic, ever since the entrance of America into the war, there has been a continuous procession of representative citizens from all the Allied countries, soldiers, statesmen, technical experts, and business men, who are forging the chain of knowledge and understanding which will bind us together in a solid fellowship of efficiency and good-will for many years to come. The following story is the personal narrative of one such commission. It is not in any sense a military report, nor does it touch upon anything which can be regarded as a military secret. It is the intimate, informal story of the adventures and the day by day happenings of an American Commission abroad.

This Commission is, to the best of my belief, unique in the annals of the Militia of the United States. It is the only time that a Board of Officers belonging to a militia organ-

ization has been sent with credentials from the Federal government to obtain important military information.

The adventures of the Commission were many. Captain Wilder was gassed on the Aisne front at Chemin des Dames, the first man in the uniform of an American officer to receive that unpleasant distinction. The report presented by Major Stoddard to the Government of the United States on behalf of the Commission has been the principal document on the subject in the possession of the War Department. The services of Lieutenant Cabot Ward were of such value that he was persuaded to remain in France and was made a Lieutenant-Colonel in the National Army.

As the Commanding Officer of the Ninth Coast Artillery, N. Y. G., I feel particular satisfaction writing this introduction, and take this occasion to say a few words about the circumstances which led to the sending of this unusual mission and about the regiment which accomplished such results.

What would happen if, in some ingenious way, Germany should succeed in sending a fleet of aircraft to bombard our seacoast cities? We sincerely hope that no such event will ever

occur. But it is a possibility and wars are not won by hopes. They are won by those nations who prepare in advance against every contingency, even what Aristotle calls "the improbable possibility." It had occurred to a number of persons in this country as early as the summer of 1916, that, in case of trouble with Germany or any great foreign power, the coast cities of the United States might be raided by aircraft and attacked in such a way that they could not be defended by the existing coast artillery.

In the fall of that year, after conferences with Major General Leonard Wood, U.S.A., then commanding the Department of the East, and foreign officers who had had experience with the anti-aircraft artillery, those of us who were the active officers of the Society of the War of 1812-Veteran Corps of Artillery, came to the conclusion that such defenses were necessary and should be provided for the seacoast cities of the United States.

We began a campaign of recruiting and organization which has culminated in the formation of the Ninth Coast Artillery Corps, New York Guard, and the sending of this important commission abroad. Early in 1917 we began

recruiting a regiment made up of men, many of whom for one reason or another were not available for service abroad but who were willing to perform the patriotic duty of filling the place of the old National Guard which had been called to the Federal service. Two batteries were organized as early as March 27th, 1917, and by the end of July there were 1400 men enlisted and organized into twelve Provisional Batteries. We not only recruited the men, but we provided our own equipment. rifles, ammunition and machine guns and, with the consent of the War Department, we contracted for a three-inch anti-aircraft gun for drill purposes. Later most of the personnel of these batteries became the Ninth Coast Artillery Corps of the New York Guard.

During this time the officers of the regiment were busily engaged in the study and investigation of all matters relating to ordnance and anti-aircraft artillery, as far as such information could be obtained in this country. But we soon became convinced that anti-aircraft fighting was such a new branch of warfare that the only reliable information was obtainable through foreign sources. Although the War Department and the United States

Navy offered us every assistance and gave us access to their confidential documents, it became very clear that if we wanted complete information on how to defend our coast cities against German aircraft it would be necessary to send and get it from abroad.

At the request of Major General J. Franklin Bell, U.S.A., the Governor of New York State directed that three officers selected by me from the regiment go to France and England, to make a study of anti-aircraft artillery, and bring back a report. I chose the best men I could find for the work. The Senior Officer, the author of this book, was Major Francis R. Stoddard, Jr., who was then in command of the Second Battalion of the regiment, having served in the United States Artillery during the war with Spain and on the Mexican border. The others were Captain Robert H. Wilder, a distinguished engineer and a specialist in shells and fuses, and Lieutenant Cabot Ward, Adjutant of the Second Battalion, a man of the widest diplomatic experience, having been Secretary of State for Porto Rico, President of the Senate and Acting Governor of Porto Rico, and Minister and Special Rep-

resentative of the United States to various South American Republics.

Through the kindly assistance of Captain George W. Burleigh, later Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, many preliminary difficulties were overcome, and the Commission sailed on August 29th, beginning a journey which the personal reminiscences in this book recount.

The Commission brought back a report which is the principal authority now in use in the United States on the matériel and conduct of anti-aircraft artillery. It is a most difficult form of gunnery, as it involves the destruction of targets moving with incredible speed and rapidly changing position in three dimensions of space at high altitudes.

The personnel of the Board has not disappointed my choice. Major Stoddard, as Commanding Officer, performed his duties with unusual ability. Captain Wilder, with his engineering experience and technical skill, obtained in a very short time exactly the information desired, data which it would ordinarily have taken a much longer time to collect. Lieut. Cabot Ward with skill and tact overcame difficulties and obstructions which without his aid would have been insurmountable

and in all probability would have defeated the purpose of the mission.

JOHN ROSS DELAFIELD,
Colonel, Ninth Coast Artillery Corps,
New York Guard.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	We are Off	1
II	Passengers and Submarines	11
III	The Spy Barrier	17
IV	En Route for Paris	23
V	Wartime in the French Capital	29
IV	General Pershing Sees Us Through	41
VII	The Artillery School	49
VIII	The Greatest Sport in the World	55
IX	In Mid-Channel	63
X	London in Wartime	71
XI	Air-Raids and Courage	79
XII	With the British Batteries	91
XIII	What to do in an Air Raid	99
XIV	The Bravest of the Brave	105
XV	Americans with the Canadians	115
XVI	On the Somme	119

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
XVII	With "Byng of Cambrai"	127
XVIII	Stories from the Trenches	135
XIX	The French Front on the Aisne	143
XX	Fighting at Chemin des Dames	153
XXI	The Captain is Gassed	161
XXII	What France Thinks	167
XXIII	The Truth About German Atrocities	175
XXIV	The Enemy in the House	187
XXV	We Have Come	195

CHAPTER I

WE ARE OFF

IT WAS midnight and the great port was buried in darkness, when at last the bells sounded for departure and we said good-bye to those few of our friends who, after four days of delay and uncertainty, had come down to bid us farewell once more, and to see us safely on our way to France. The mountainous piles of cargo had been stowed aboard. A varied group of military men and civilians was gathered at the rail when the great ship, casting its moorings, slipped out in silence and in darkness to begin the perilous voyage through the lurking submarine danger of the wartime Atlantic.

There were three of us in the party, Captain Wilder, Captain Ward and myself. We were on our way to Europe to gather information on the defence of American cities against enemy aircraft. What has happened to England can well be an object lesson to the United States; and fortunately for America, there are

Army officers who are taking no chances. It is thus that we received our opportunity to render what service we could to our country in the expedition upon which we were setting forth. Our ship swung down the harbor. I looked back at the towers and pinnacles of Manhattan, silhouetted against the starry sky, and offered up a prayer that our trip might add one more stone to the wall of safety that we are building around so dear and beautiful a land.

We were sailing directly for France, and our chances of being submarined were not great. The line on which we were sailing had, up to that time, been comparatively immune from attack. There were many speculations as to this immunity. Some said that the German Emperor owned a large amount of stock in the company. Some said that it was the Pope who owned the stock, and still others believed that Germany had used this line for sending her spies back and forth across the Atlantic. Whatever the reason may have been, the idea was comforting.

As it was midnight when we sailed, we retired promptly to our cabins to arrange for the voyage. Captain Wilder is a skeptic, and

before he had unpacked his belongings he produced a tape-measure from one of his pockets and carefully measured the port hole to see whether, in case we were submarined, we could escape by that route. He decided that we could not, and while I am not a nervous man, I confess to a qualm of misgiving at the picture which he so vividly suggested of a listed boat, sinking rapidly, a jammed door and a porthole through which there could be no escape. We had brought with us, at the urgence of our friends, some very complete and adequate life-preservers, but when morning came and we realized how many women were on the passenger-list, we saw little chance of wearing them in case of disaster.

That passenger-list was the most amazing that I have ever seen on any ocean voyage. There were uniforms of every hue and rank. There were civilians, both men and women, of every nationality and walk of life. No one is allowed a passport in wartime, unless he has an errand of great importance, and most of the passengers were on some mission connected with the war. Many of the civilians appeared after the boat had sailed in the uni-

forms of Red Cross officers of high rank. We took them at first to be British officers. One in the uniform of a Lieutenant-Colonel, I embarrassed greatly by saluting. I thought at the time that it was inadvisable to give military rank to Red Cross officers, but when we arrived on the other side and I saw the amount of "red tape" that a uniform can obviate, I appreciated the wisdom of so doing.

There were on board officers of several of our Allied countries. There were some Americans on special missions to the front. There were women in the neat dark uniforms of the canteen worker, and there were a number of men in the uniform of British privates, who turned out to be American Ambulance drivers. These men surprised us very much at first by not saluting, but the mystery was solved on the second day out when one of their number approached me, apologizing for the unintentional discourtesy, and explained that it was because none of them knew how to salute. They asked me if I would be willing to give them instruction, so, from two until three-thirty every day, I drilled them in the school of soldier, squad, and company, close order. The life of these Ambulance men was

by no means a bed of roses. There has been a time when the American Ambulance drivers have been criticized because they had spent too much time in the bar, but there could be no complaint of the conduct of the men on our boat. From nine until ten-thirty they studied French, from two until three-thirty I drilled them, at eight o'clock in the evening a Red Cross surgeon lectured to them on surgical dressings, bandages and first aid. By bed-time they were ready for sleep.

These American Ambulance Service men have been among the best men sent over by us during this war. At first there were young college men who did not wish to give up their citizenship by joining the army of another nation, but who, nevertheless, felt called by the wrongs of suffering humanity to do their "bit" in the war. When we entered the war against Germany most men of this type went to the Officers' Training Camps, but there were some who continued to enter the Ambulance Service. Those on our boat were mostly men who had been registered by the Army as physically unfit, or married men, with families, who did not feel that they could offer their services for more than six months. Some

of them hoped later to enter the French military service where the physical standard is not as high as in our own army, and where they can become officers.

I am sorry to say that the experience of many of these men, after their arrival in France, was most unpleasant. The American Ambulance service had advertised during the summer for volunteers for service and enlistments for six months. Many men with their families dependent upon them for support had arranged their business so they could be absent for that time, but when they arrived in France they were told that they must enter as privates in the United States Medical Corps for the duration of the war. Some did this, but others preferred to return to America and try again to enter a training camp, as not being medical men, they would have little chance for advancement if they remained in that service.

As on every ocean voyage and in spite of the submarine menace, there was much to entertain and divert us. In order to raise money for the wounded soldiers, a noted Italian painter offered to do a portrait of the most beautiful lady on board. It was decided to take a vote of the passengers as to which lady

should be asked to sit for the picture. There was a very charming young woman, a moving-picture actress, on her way to fill an engagement in Italy. Although she had been very retiring and had avoided making promiscuous acquaintances, it got rumored about that she was going to try to win the prize. For a time the first cabin seethed with excitement. Friends would not speak to each other as they passed on deck. Factions sprang up for and against the young woman. It was the sort of situation that almost always arises when strangers are kept together incommunicado for some time. Of course the young lady withdrew from the contest. But even so, the wrath of the other passengers was not abated until the ballots were counted and it was found that she had received no votes whatever. The winner of the contest was a negro nursemaid. It added greatly to the gaiety of the rest of the trip to watch the struggles of the poor artist as he manfully tried to paint the ebony features of "the most beautiful lady on board." This same painter we found most intelligent. What he had to say about America and the Americans interested us all very much. "Were I not an Italian," he said, "I would like to be

an American. I believe that the United States will become eventually the greatest power in the world, and history shows that such will be the case. Power has gone constantly through the ages to the new nations whose populations come from mixed stocks to the west of what was the old civilized world. For instance, Greece was a new nation. Foreign stock came to her, and from the mixture was evolved a virile type of men who eventually dominated the world. Then Italy was a new country to the west. Greeks and men from all nations went there and settled, and Rome conquered the world. The mixture of races in Italy evolved a virile type of men who brought about the Renaissance that awoke the world in the Middle Ages. When Rome was in power Iberia was a new country to the west. She was conquered and re-conquered and alien races came, mixed and remained; and in the Middle Ages, Spain was the greatest power in the world. And now to the west of Europe, the present center of the civilized world, is the new western country, the United States, settled by men of many races whose blood is being mixed in their descendants, and now that she is being awakened to the fact that she

can become a world power, it is only a question of time when she will dominate the earth."

Exactly opposite opinions were expressed by a French Lieutenant who sat with us at the Captain's table, where Captain Ward had arranged the seats for us. He delighted in condemning the United States and everything American, and was particularly scathing on the subject of American women. He insisted that they had the worst manners in the world because he had often seen them put salt and pepper in soup without first tasting the soup. This same Lieutenant used to appear at breakfast in an entrancing pair of purple pajamas, and his anger against American women was not at all abated because some of the ladies on board asked him to wear at least a bathrobe, which he refused to do. Imagine our distress upon arriving at the port, to discover that the poor man was an invalid suffering severely from shell shock and that his curious behavior, at which we had laughed all the way over, was a manifestation of his mental trouble. That is war: comedy and tragedy crowding each other side by side, some of the saddest situations being also some of the funniest.

CHAPTER II

PASSENGERS AND SUBMARINES

TO SAY that we were not afraid of submarines would be untrue and indeed unnatural. Courage is not absence of fear, but the overcoming of fear. It is a common saying in the Army that there is something seriously wrong with a soldier who is not frightened during his first engagement. In a much lesser degree this is also true of an ocean passage through the submarine zone. We have all heard of the atrocities committed by Germans against merchant and passenger vessels. Before our trip I discounted most of these tales; after our stay abroad I believed them all, and was ready to believe yet more. Each one of the passengers wondered whether his stateroom was the most likely to be first struck and what the sensation would be when the torpedo arrived. We soon found from old ocean travellers the secret of not being worried about submarines; it was just to forget all about them. And yet one could not forget all about them,

for evidences of expected attack were all about. The life boats, loaded with casks of water and provisions, swung out from their davits ready to be lowered at a moment's notice. Each passenger was assigned to a boat and boat drills in life preservers were held. At night, all ports were closed and dark cloths prevented the light from companionways being seen from without. The lighting of matches and smoking on the decks was forbidden. During the last two nights passengers were requested not to remove their clothes. Many passengers slept all night on deck in their chairs with life preservers next them. The gun crews were ready by their uncovered guns.

The third day out a lookout reported that he saw a periscope and the ship started away in the other direction, taking a zig-zag course. Later a vessel passed in the distance but no signals were exchanged. One day the smoke of a vessel, going very fast, was seen. Some passengers said they could see firing through their glasses. It was probably merely a submarine chaser on its rounds.

We were told that at night came the most danger; then the submarine comes to the sur-

face and watches for its victim. When the victim is located, the submarine submerges and, going towards it, sinks it during the dim hours of the early morning. In the submarine zone, however, all hours seem dangerous. The captain of the boat did not have much sympathy for nervous people, however. To one anxious lady who inquired whether he thought that the vessel would be torpedoed by a submarine, he answered, "Madame, I have a presentment that we shall never reach port safely, and my presentments always come true."

The most unpopular passenger on board for a time was a moving-picture operator whose specialty was to crawl out under fire and take scenes of actual fighting on the battle field. It was rumored among the passengers that he had said he hoped the boat would be torpedoed and sunk in order that he might get a picture of it going down. He later denied that he wished the boat would be sunk, but I found that when he made his denial he had found that he could not get his camera and film from the hold. Whatever may be the true facts of the case, his denial restored him to the favor of the other passengers.

For excitement and the pleasure of the other

passengers, the moving-picture actress and I agreed to fall overboard on arrival in port, with our patent life preservers, but alas! for our dramatic plans,—the Captain refused to allow it, giving as his reasons, first, that the current would carry us out to sea; second, that the place was full of sharks, and, third, that the boat would go away and leave us. One of the ship's officers dryly suggested that the lady and I test our life preservers in the bath tub.

There are three ways used by vessels to avoid submarines; convoys, speed and faith. The vessel upon which we were, trusted mainly to the latter, for certainly speed was not one of its qualities. Most of the passengers agreed towards the end of the voyage that no convoy was needed, for the Germans, out of respect for old age, would certainly never waste a torpedo on such an antiquated boat.

Few vessels going across the ocean take a straight course. Some start as if they were going on an Arctic expedition, while others aim for the equatorial climes; most combine both trips during the voyage. It is no wonder that the journey that formerly took an ocean liner five days, is now strung out to anywhere from nine to sixteen or more days. The submarine

menace is real, and ship captains appreciate it.

During the last days, no men in uniform were permitted on deck. When two days from our destination, a full-rigged sailing vessel with three masts passed, going in the opposite direction, and the hearts of all were glad that she had found the way clear. Soon the exultation subsided, for we began to pass wreckage and a life buoy. Late in the afternoon a war vessel approached and cheers rang out as she raised the French flag at her stern. After signalling vigorously, she kept on to sea in pursuit of a distant freighter. On the morning of the last day, while most of the passengers were writing letters telling that they had arrived safely, our real trouble began.

It seems that three submarines had made their way into a certain harbor and had sunk two fishing vessels of the fishing fleet before being driven to submerge by the submarine chasers. Soon all the instrumentalities used for locating and fighting submarines were in action, and into the midst of the excitement our venerable vessel calmly steamed. All about our ship were submarine chasers watching here, there and everywhere for the vanished submarine. On the distant horizon other

chasers could be seen dimly. Overhead aeroplanes were whirling round and round, as a submarine can sometimes be seen very high in the air when it cannot be seen from the surface of the water. High in the air at one side was a great dirigible balloon. When at last we arrived in the harbor we learned that two vessels just preceding us had been sunk, and the one just behind.

CHAPTER III

THE SPY BARRIER

THE French system for guarding against spies is extraordinarily efficient. I sincerely trust that our own country has by this time developed as good a one. No one is allowed to land in France without a properly viséd passport, and no one is allowed to leave the country without an equally careful checking up of credentials. As we were carrying diplomatic passports, and as in dealing with government officials Captain Ward is one of the cleverest men I have ever met, we had little difficulty ourselves. Not so the other passengers, some of whom were not as discreet as they should have been.

Once in the boat and during the trip, one is apt to forget passports and their necessity. Once during the voyage a woman who claimed to be American, entered into a violent tirade in my presence against Britain and the British. I suggested to her that Germany might have attacked the United States long

before, were it not for fear of Britain's interference. "Nonsense," she cried, "Germany never intended to attack us." I told her that I disagreed with her, and thereupon changed the subject. I thought no more of this incident until we arrived in port.

Before the boat docked, officials boarded and it was announced that passports would be viséd on the upper deck. It happened that we were waiting our turn in line when the anti-British lady presented her passport. It was retained by one of the officials who told her to sit down and wait. Later we learned that she was made to disrobe in her stateroom and everything she had was searched before she was permitted to leave for her destination. It was a good lesson to travellers whose loyalty is not above reproach.

It is quite true that women make the most dangerous spies, because they are hard to detect in their work, and the United States, as well as France and Britain, is undoubtedly filled with women spies. It is a little hard to understand the distinction that prevents the Anglo-Saxon countries from executing women spies. The French have no such scruples. On all trains in the subways and in all public

gathering places all over France, there is prominently displayed a sign

TAISSEZ VOUS.
MEFIEZ VOUS.
LES OREILLES ENEMI
VOUS ACCOUTENT.

Which means: "Take care, and look out. The ears of the enemy hear you." It is a good sign and a good rule, and might well be imitated in America.

Our little friend, the moving-picture actress, nearly came to grief, because although she was scheduled to go to Italy, she decided that she would accept the invitation of friends to spend a few days in Paris; but when she announced her intentions at the port, her passport was seized, and had she not promptly reconsidered, the circumstances might have been serious.

Everyone has heard the story of the English family with a German nurse of many years standing. One day the police called and said they wished to search the nurse and her effects. The family felt insulted and demanded that such an outrage be not perpetrated. The police persisted, and found in the nurse's trunk, plans of all the neighboring forts, and other infor-

mation of military value. I have heard this story again and again. An Englishman told me that it happened in his brother's family.

A rather amusing incident was related to me in England. A wealthy young American civilian of an old New York family, but with a name that sounded German, arrived from the United States, and visited some British artillery officers in England. As he was about to go to Paris, they asked him if he would convey certain military papers to an American general stationed there. He, of course, consented, and started for France with the papers. Because of his name and the fact that he was a civilian, he was at once an object of suspicion wherever he went. When trying to take a channel boat, he and his effects were searched and the military papers found. It required a lot of explaining and verifying to prevent his incarceration as a spy, and the result was the reprimanding of the British officers, for entrusting military papers to a civilian.

There is no possibility of remaining long in France without the proper credentials. All aliens must be registered; and if they are civilians, must obtain permission from the

Chief of Police, to live in any given place, and must report themselves to the authorities at least once a month. And one cannot move from one town to another without permission. This is also true in England. An American lady living outside of London, told me that when she wished to go to London to shop she had first to register in her own village, then register in London, and then once more in her own village after she had returned.

The United States has a very good passport system, but its system of keeping track of aliens and especially of alien enemies needs development. A French officer told me at the front, that formerly hardly a movement was made by the French troops but that the Germans knew of it in advance. In France, a spy caught at the front does not have to wait long to learn his fate. Long before this war began Germany had her spies in every rival country, who worked to undermine the allegiance of the people to their own government, and to spread German propaganda. It is now believed by those who know, that the distrust for the United States planted in Mexico and Japan was done by German spies and propagandists. This country will go a

long way towards handling the spy question, when it gives them the fair but short trial and quick punishment meted out by France.

CHAPTER IV

EN ROUTE FOR PARIS

THE SUN was setting as our steamer sailed majestically into the great harbor that marks the mouth of the beautiful river. We had left our low-lying, battle-gray convoys at the mouth of the harbor and the hum of aeroplanes began to fade in the distance. No matter how greatly one loves the sea, the first glimpse of land, after a long voyage, has about it a touch of fairyland. How much more so in these tragic days, when the inevitable fear and tension of the submarine menace is at last over and the anxious traveller realizes that he has crossed the danger zone and has reached a friendly shore.

The water at the mouth of the wide river is an unearthly light green, caused by the translucent muddy water of the river mixed with the deep green of the sea. On this clear and curiously transparent water there floated hundreds of little fishing smacks, each with its colored sail set out to dry in the evening

breezes. Red and yellow, and blue and purple and white, they were dotted over the clear green water, lit up by the rays of the setting sun. As our boat steamed up the river, we felt again that ever-blooming and dauntless charm of France, which no wars can destroy and no enemy desecrate. The willows dipped their green leaves along the reed-bordered shore. French houses with their long windows stood in their ancient fields. Peasant women could be seen in the distance tilling the soil, and little boats paddled up and down among the garden-like islands.

The streets of the ancient seaport town are filled with soldiers and, like every other town in France, with women in the quiet black of many bereavements. There were some fine looking American soldiers who saluted as we passed. They were engineers, and I was not surprised to learn that many of them were college men. Some of the best troops we have sent abroad have been our engineers.

Aside from the usual aspect of troops about the streets, the city shows little signs of war. After an excellent dinner at the hotel, the three of us set out to see the city. Because many motor vehicles had been taken by the army

authorities, the supply of horse-cabs and motor-cabs are far less than the demand. The best way to get a cab in France, is to rush up hastily, grab the horse, thereby stopping the vehicle, and jump at once into the cab, shouting out the name of your destination. If a taxi-cab man tries to argue, a wise traveller steps up and turns down the flag, thereby turning the meter and registering a fare, and at once jumps inside. These methods always succeed unless a second traveller rushes up and whispers a glittering promise into the driver's ear. In that case, the first occupant is pulled bodily out of the cab. Captain Ward, however, is an expert liaison officer, and we did not have to resort to such strenuous tactics. As we took our seats we noticed an American woman chauffeur standing beside her car. She was dressed like an American private soldier with her hair cut short, and my eyes had been resting upon her for several moments before I realized that she was a woman. The French have tried to use women as chauffeurs for taxi-cabs, but for some reason they have not been successful.

We took the first train for Paris, and with one American civilian, we had made ourselves comfortable, when the door flew open and

three French ladies in mourning, a mother and her two daughters, approached. Captain Ward, true to his sense of duty, shouted that our carriage was full, but the mother came up to the door and with a charming manner and in a beautifully modulated voice, explained that her husband had lost his life in the army and that one of her daughters was going to Paris to meet her husband who was on leave for a few days. The mother was in despair at the thought of allowing her daughter to travel alone, as French girls and young women are very carefully chaperoned. She begged us to see that her daughter arrived safely in Paris. Of course this story melted our hearts, and we gave the girl a seat in our compartment. After the train had started, she explained to us why her mother had been so insistent. It seems that from a wide knowledge of the world, her mother had decided that Russian officers were impossible, that English officers sometimes were nice and sometimes were not, that French officers were none too safe, but that she was willing to trust her daughter anywhere alone with any American. We were not quite sure whether we ought to be flattered or not, but we did our best to make the trip a comfortable one.

One of us had a naughty French comic paper, and I was holding it in my hands when the lady got in. In somewhat of a quandary as to the proper thing to do under the circumstances, I offered it to her before reading it myself. She thanked me and said that she had already read it, and imagine my horror when I opened the paper and found it full of pictures such as the American public would never allow in print. "Do you mean to say that you read such a paper," I asked her in surprise. "Oh, not in public," she answered, "my husband or my brother send them home to me."

We rolled on through the beautiful chateau region in France that lies between our port and Paris, the great estates of the French nobility and the charming villages of the French peasants. It seemed as peaceful and as undisturbed as though wars had gone out of existence, with the departure of the British yeomen, armed with bows and arrows, who had once attacked the chateaux on all the hills. But in the fields there were many stalwart men gathering in the crops with a curiously unenthusiastic air. They were German prisoners, still in their German uniforms and under French guard.

CHAPTER V

WARTIME IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL

TO ONE who has not seen Paris since the gay days before the war, the face of the most beautiful of cities is sadly changed. And yet not so changed after all. The streets are filled with people and while the men are in uniform and all the women in black, there is still the air of indomitable gaiety which characterizes the Latin races. I sometimes think that the difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin is that the English-speaking races are so optimistic about life itself that they do not feel the need for gaiety, and they look upon the joyousness of other countries as a kind of swank, whereas the Latin, being gifted with imagination, realizes fully the fundamental sadness of the world and insists upon gaiety as the only means for making life livable from day to day. When the war first broke out, Paris was plunged in grief, and underneath the surface there still runs a deep river of sorrow, but the brave people have rallied their spirits and the

life along the streets moves on as heretofore.

The crowds along the Boulevard are one of the most amazing sights the world has ever seen. The black in which the women are clothed is not so somber as in 1915. There was a time when every woman who had lost a relative in the war, even to second and third cousins, was swathed in crêpe. The effect was so lugubrious that the French Government has passed a law that heavy mourning can be worn for only a few days after the funeral. Nevertheless, most of the civilian population is in dark clothing. Mingled with the crowd are many wounded young men without arms or legs, limping men, blind men, men mangled and maimed in every possible way; all in uniform and all a sacrifice to German aggression. Many of them wore the Croix de Guerre, and sometimes also the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, the highest award for bravery granted the French soldiers. Unlike the Americans, the French wear their medals with their field service uniforms. At first sight this is confusing to an American. As we walked down the street on our first day in Paris, we met a large man with a row of medals running across his breast. I took him for a Colonel, at

least, and saluted. He looked surprised, and as we waited on the corner for the traffic to pass, I spoke to him, explaining that I was a stranger. He smiled again and, saluting politely, informed me that he was a Second Lieutenant. The French custom of wearing chevrons is confusing. A chevron on the right arm indicates wounds, and on the left arm, one chevron for each six months of service after the first year. To an uninformed American, a French officer whose chevron showed that he had received two wounds and had served a year and a half in the army would appear to be a Corporal. Non-commissioned officers are indicated by stripes placed at an angle on the cuff of the coat sleeve.

Soldiers of every allied nation were strolling about the streets of Paris. The English are splendid, manly looking men. The Scotch, in their kilts, are the special delight of the French crowds. The Irish and the Welsh were distinguished from the English by their regimental designations. The crowds are extraordinarily sober and law-abiding in spite of their cosmopolitan character and the fact that most of them were soldiers on leave. There was a time when an occasional British soldier

or an American Ambulance man was found drunk, but that was probably because it is always hard to adjust one's self to the customs of a foreign country. There is a freedom and an air of joy in Paris which a young American sometimes misunderstands. I was talking to a French officer one day at a little table in front of one of the big restaurants and two American boys entered. They were behaving in a manner not too discreet, and my French friend looked at them with a mingling of amazement and pity. "Alas!" he said, "It is only too true that people like the Russians and the Americans are confused by their first contact with civilization." The French have indeed a right to be proud. No one has questioned their eminence in making life comfortable and happy in little ways, and they have proved themselves heroic, even beyond their own dreams. If that is civilization, let us have more of it.

Belgian soldiers were everywhere; in fact, next to the French, it seemed as if there were more than of the soldiers of any other nation. There are many Russians about in their curious green uniforms, remnants of the Russian Army which is now fighting in France. They were smaller men than I had expected. I

think one forms one's opinion of Russian stature by pictures of the Grand Dukes. There were Portuguese, there were Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders. With their enthusiasm, their excellent carriage and their kindly faces, they give the impression that England has a right to be proud of her Colonies. There were Algerians, wearing a fez, the badge of a believer in Islam. There were Arabs with white mantles, there were Senegalese, fierce, powerful negroes from Northern Africa, black as our own darkies, with a curious metallic look to their skins, and there were Annamites, whom I first took to be Japs, Perhaps our men were at first somewhat lacking in military courtesy, but this is not surprising. When an army is gathered together in a hurry, the men are not expected to have the military bearing of veterans. When we entered the war regiments were expanded by an influx of new recruits, and often the new men outnumbered the older men. Officers were sent abroad with only a few months' military training, and many officers and men with no military training at all, because they were specialists and were needed for some duty back of the lines. However, that is all being

changed; even semi-civilians like Y. M. C. A. men, are being instructed in the school of the soldier.

If an American going to any French city wears an old uniform because of the war, he will find himself sadly out of place. French and English officers are immaculate. All American officers, unless provided with one, buy a Sam Brown belt as soon as they arrive in Paris. This belt is copied from the British and serves no special purpose. It is meant for nothing except looks and it distinguishes officers from enlisted men. The French limit its use to officers of regiments who have seen active service at the front. General Pershing at first decreed that American officers must wear campaign hats to distinguish them from officers of other armies. This hat caused the French much amusement, and several people asked me if it were true, that the Americans could afford only one hat. British officers carry canes, but Americans do not. Theoretically, a cane is for use on horses, but some of the French canes have ferrules, some have balls of lead for a handle, as a black-jack has, and others look like nothing so much as a club. The American uniform is becoming

highly popular in the streets of Paris. Whenever we stopped at a shop window we attracted a crowd of admiring solders and civilians. They have waited so long for us to come, they have suffered so much themselves in defence of freedom, and they have always looked upon us with so much friendliness, that now that we have come, heart and soul, and good right fist, they are delighted. I am sure that the courage of our men in the more recent troubles has not diminished their ardor.

The food in Paris is bountiful, although plenty of travellers returning to the United States, have told some tall stories about the lack of provisions in Paris, but I think the stories come, probably, from a desire to be dramatic, and not from a reverence for the truth. The French are husbanding their resources, but there is plenty of food for all. There is no white bread, but the black bread used as a substitute was excellent, and many people liked it better than the white. Wines are abundant, though increasing in price. White sugar was plentiful in hotels, although the rules of buying limit its use in private houses. Brown sugar is used as a substitute. Except during the winter, there are meatless

days, when omelets and other substitutes are eaten. There are no meatless days, nor sugarless days, nor wheatless days in the army. The men in service are well fed, whether they be French, British or American. Perhaps it will be a pleasure to many careful and patriotic housewives to know, that so far, their efforts have been amply rewarded.

There was an attempt to save coal in Paris. As a result, buildings are heated very poorly, if heated at all, and the hotels are allowed to have hot water only on Saturdays and Sundays. As there are none too many bath-tubs in Paris at best, guests who are amply able to pay any reasonable sum for accommodations could be seen standing in line in the corridors for a chance for a bath. The elevators take passengers up, but not down.

The conscription of all able-bodied men from nineteen to forty-eight years of age has caused a large influx of Spanish, Swiss and other neutrals to take the positions left vacant by the French. There has been some complaint of this by French labor, but it seemed to be the best solution. Every possible position is filled by women. A woman carries your trunk from station to cab, another acts as clerk

at a hotel when you arrive, they are motormen on the street cars, they do all the work of the stores, they manufacture most of the munitions, they operate the subway, as ticket sellers, ticket takers and guards. In the country they go out into the fields and bring in the crops. When the war is over and its story is told, history will give one of her chief chapters to the heroic women of France.

The blue dusk of Paris was settling down over the city, softening the outlines of her beautiful old buildings and adding the last note of romance to the cosmopolitan crowds, as we set out from our hotel for our first dinner in this most picturesque of all cities. We wandered across the Place de la Concord, as the night came on. There was a full moon shining on the river and there were almost no lights in the city. No one who has not seen Paris under the reign of terror, caused by the Bôche air-raids can have any conception of the extraordinary change wrought on her beautiful and ancient monuments. There are many buildings in Paris, built in the middle ages, which were lighted only by a few flaring torches. No one who has seen the Conciergerie or the old Cathedral, only lit up by

modern incandescent lamps, can have the least conception of their true proportions, and their wonderful charm in the pitch dark of modern Paris. These old buildings stand out against the moon-lit sky exactly as they stood when knights in armor and all the pageantry of the Medieval Church passed through their portals. As we walked along the shore of the river, it seemed impossible to believe that this was Paris of the twentieth century, and that we were American officers on our way to dinner.

We wandered into an unostentatious restaurant on the left side of the river. It was one of those charming spots, simple, quiet and unobtrusive, where there are no prices on the bill-of-fare, and your bill can be almost anything. As the Captain remarked, "The sky is the limit." We had a delicious meal, but it was rather disturbed by the fact that the waiters were so excited over the advent of American officers, that they stood around us in circles, watching us eat, like animals in the zoo. It was before American officers were a common sight in Paris, and we were hailed everywhere as the vanguard of the great army that was to deliver Paris. The waiter who

served our steak was young and enthusiastic and he picked up a morsel with such a flourish that it flew out of his grasp and struck me squarely in the chest. I had had tender steaks before, but never one that had showed a desire to kiss me. Some Englishmen at a near-by table were highly amused, but the proprietor almost died of mortification and followed us all the way out on the quay, protesting volubly.

Back we went to our hotel through the moon-lit city. I have seen Paris under many guises, under the chestnut trees in one of the gayest of its many gay springtimes, during the tourist season, when Americans were gathered here on a very different mission, and during her short and gloomy winter days, when the great world of continental Europe was making merry along the Boulevards, but I have never seen the city with such charm and such altogether irresistible beauty as broods over her today.

CHAPTER VI

GENERAL PERSHING SEES US THROUGH

NO FIGURE in the world today is more fascinating or more impressive than that of General Pershing. No man commands the enthusiasm of the civilized world more completely. The General who will lead our troops to victory stands first in the hearts of all America; and next to her own beloved commander, first in the hearts of France. Our Commission carried letters to General Pershing, which it was necessary to present in person. We inquired of the various Americans whom we met as to the whereabouts of the General's Headquarters. We could get no information except that he was not in Paris. When we finally were informed by official sources of the whereabouts of Headquarters, we were told that it was a profound secret and warned about divulging our knowledge to anyone, but to our great amusement, we soon found that almost everyone on the street seemed to know where the General was. On remarking, casually, to

a French officer, that we were going to Headquarters within a few days, he replied, "Oh, yes, you are going to X, but I understand that the General has gone to Y for the day." Our pride in being intrusted with secret information was greatly diminished.

The next day we all three set out for the General's Headquarters. The train was filled with soldiers returning from leave, and going to the general portion of the French front where the Americans have since "gone in." General Headquarters is in a beautiful French town in a lovely undulating country, much better for the health and happiness of our men than Paris. I learned it has been since arranged that our armies are not to be given leave to go to Paris, a very wise precaution considering the dangers and temptations of a great foreign city. After the proper arrangements had been made by Captain Ward, and we had been duly presented to Pershing's Chief of Staff, we were ushered into the presence of the man who is making history for America and for the world. The General was sitting before a wide table in a room from which every unnecessary stick of furniture had been removed, and which had much of

the appearance of a modern city office. The General is a tall man over six feet in height, with a square chin and a large jaw. His eyes are clear and penetrating and everything about him suggests force, intelligence and splendid courage. He rose and greeted us with a beaming smile as we entered and instead of returning our salute extended his hand. He had evidently confused us with a well known Artillery Corps of Boston, for his first remark was, "Well, gentlemen, you don't look very ancient, but you may be honorable—I hope you are." He seated us and he asked many questions in rapid succession, and with extraordinary penetration and clarity. He gave attention to the importance and standing of our commission. The instant he started with the necessary instructions, Captain Ward pulled a note-book from his pocket and asked the General to lend him a pencil, and sinking on his shoulder blades carefully compiled the General's directions.

If I am any judge of character, General Pershing will do all and more than is expected of him. His hold over the army is wonderful and he is a strict disciplinarian. Often he has personally corrected officers and men for

violating military rules, but he is always just, and the men have faith in him. He looks like a soldier, acts like a soldier, and will undoubtedly turn the splendid material that we are sending to him into one of the best armies in the world. The men on sentry duty who saluted us as we left General Headquarters were the same Marines who have since distinguished themselves so gloriously in recent battles. There were many young conscripts scattered among our men. They were lungeing fiercely at imaginary German enemies and parrying hostile thrusts. Others were building practice target posts in the trees and their work was extremely good.

On the way back to Paris we had another amusing experience of travelling in France. The train was filled with men on leave, officers in their best uniforms, many of them with bandages, and exhausted men in the vestibules lying against their heavy packs. In France, officers go first class, ordinary French civilians usually go second class, laborers and private soldiers go third class, but all Americans, whatever their rank, treat themselves to a first class seat.

Our compartment was filled. There were

six seats, three of which were occupied by our party, the fourth by an American Major, the fifth by a Frenchman assigned as an interpreter by the American Army, and the sixth, in a corner beside the door, by a French Captain. As the interpreter said that he did not intend to eat on the train, we four American officers asked him to watch our seats while we dined in the dining car. He consented, and we left him. When we returned, after dining, we found the interpreter alone in the compartment except for a French lady, sitting in the French Captain's seat. The interpreter stated that he had explained to people who tried to enter our compartment that the seats were engaged, but that the lady in the corner had insisted on entering and taking the seat of the French Captain, who had followed us to the dining car. All went well until the Captain returned. He told the lady that of course he would not suggest her returning to him his seat, which she should do; that he would be obliged to stand all the way back to Paris, when he really had a seat; that she really ought to return what she had so rudely taken, but that he did not intend to suggest it. The lady, in turn, obviously without any intention

of really doing so, offered to return him his seat, but carefully refrained from giving the Captain an opportunity of taking advantage of her offer. The Captain said he did not really care for the seat, but no real lady would ever take a seat under such cimcumstances, and the conversation continued at length, the Captain saying he didn't wish to have the seat, when he really did, while the lady offered it to him but without the least intention of letting him have it. The Captain left after an interminable discussion, only to return and continue the same thing for about twenty minutes longer. At the end of this period he left and once more we all breathed in peace. Finally he returned the third time and demanded that the interpreter give up his seat, which the latter refused to do. He had arrived at the point where he, as a captain, was ordering the interpreter, as a private, to give up his seat, when I told him that he could have my seat, whereupon I crowded in with the other American officers and left my seat vacant. His manner changed at once. He said that I could not be serious, and he departed not to return.

When the train arrived in Paris, we were greeted by one of the most touching sights I

have ever seen. As the procession wended its way along the platform from the train, there gathered about the entrance, in the station through which the passengers must come, a large crowd of anxious-faced women, waiting for these fighters from the front, waiting, perhaps, for a husband, son or brother. And when they saw him, there would be glad cries, and a little black figure would be clasped by a larger blue figure, and the two would go forth from the station, his arm perhaps about her waist, and both utterly oblivious to the fact that the world was going on about them and that France was at war.

CHAPTER VII

THE ARTILLERY SCHOOL

In an old French chateau in a charming agricultural village, set amid the rolling fields of northern France, the anti-aircraft school was situated. When we arrived, this school was just being set up, and it was there that we were sent from general headquarters, to make our investigations into anti-aircraft artillery. America probably knew less at that time about the defense of its own cities than any other civilized country. Thanks to the officers in charge of the school, and thanks to Captain Wilder's helpful work in co-operation with them, the American Government has now that information.

When the United States officers first arrived they were authorized to hire quarters, and they promptly hired the chateau, a beautiful building set in extensive grounds and brooding over a little French village with narrow streets, children playing in the roadway, and soldiers sitting on the door-steps. The French officers

connected with this school, not wishing to be out-done by the Americans, promptly requisitioned all the chateau not in use by them. The chateau had belonged to Louis XV, King of France, and was built around a court and surrounded by broad terraces extending the width of the building. These terraces swept down in stately procession to a small river which flowed out at one end of the garden into a little lake. Wide lawns stretched away from the house in every direction, an old rustic bridge, tall, well-kept hedges and all the other surroundings of an ancient, royal estate, gave the place such charm and beauty, such dignity and repose, that modern warfare seemed almost an impertinence beside it. And yet, in the little village, many French soldiers, in the horizon blue of France, sat basking in the thin sunshine, and in all the fields, so peaceful under the summer sky, the brave peasant women of France were gathering in the crops. And all through the fields, as far as the eye could reach, were the remains of French trenches, dug by the French, when the Germans were on their way to Paris, already covered with young grass and rapidly becoming a part of the ancient landscape.

Inside the chateau, the walls were hung with mellow old tapestries and with portraits of men in armor. The furniture was that used by the French nobility two hundred years ago. Beautifully-painted tables of the period of Louis XV, stood against the walls, and beside them were pine tables from America, upon which lay the military maps of France. As night settled down over the countryside, the moon rose behind the poplar trees, and as midnight approached, we heard in the silent air, the voice of a nightingale singing in the rose garden, and then a boyish laugh and the voice of young America raised in a bantering good-night.

In this chateau had been stationed two American Captains, West Point and Annapolis, experts in artillery. They were busy preparing an artillery school for the instruction of young American officers in anti-aircraft fighting. Captain Wilder was promptly urged to assist in the establishment of this school, and he remained with them for several weeks, compiling his report and lending his assistance in organizing the school. This school has since instructed scores of Amer-

icans in the difficult art of anti-aircraft artillery.

No branch of the military game is more interesting than anti-aircraft artillery. Even as the rôle of aircraft grows more and more important, so must the science of circumventing the aircraft be studied with equal care. All students of the subject agree that the foreign armies have not yet begun to use the tremendous possibilities that fighting in the air will develop. Britain has made land tanks, which are moving forts, and are impervious to anything except direct hits by armor-piercing projectiles from high-powered guns. Why can we not have flying tanks which will be much harder to hit and which will fly over all obstructions and attack the enemy from above? In back of the lines, aircraft can be equally useful. After watching long lines of wagons loaded with supplies, painfully plodding through the mud or dust of a Texas summer and fall, one wonders, for transportation of wounded, for every purpose that involves the moving of anything, why not use the air?

Away from the battle line, away in our home cities near the coast, what is to prevent hostile aircraft, as at present constructed, from

dropping bombs on our homes? Some vague, but growing realization, of the increasing possibilities of aircraft attack, combined with a desire to be useful, caused me first to become interested in anti-aircraft artillery.

It was in the fall of 1916, after I had returned from the Mexican border, that I first had an opportunity of studying the problem of defending American cities from aircraft attack. It was remarkable how little was known in this country at that time about the subject. No manuals were available, and the men with whom I associated were forced to get practically all their information from British and French officers, none of whom were very up-to-date in their knowledge. No one permitted himself to get discouraged, for all firmly believed that the great war in Europe made it clear that all the cities in the United States, near the seaboard, were liable to attack from hostile aircraft, and would surely be attacked when Germany once made up its mind that it wished to punish us as it is trying to punish England. We read that Brigadier-General Squier, formerly in charge of the aircraft of the United States Army, had testified before the house Committee on Mili-

tary Affiairs, that an enemy ship could lie off three hundred miles from the City of New York, and could easily send a number of flying machines to raid the city. It was also shown, by foreign experts, that a large number of submarines had been built by Germany for the express purpose of carrying hydroplanes to attack distant cities.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GREATEST SPORT IN THE WORLD

I WONDER how many people think of anti-aircraft fighting as something which greatly resembles partridge shooting. How many believe that an anti-aircraft gun is aimed at the approaching aeroplane much as a shot-gun is aimed at a bird on the wing? Nothing could be further from the truth. The target of an anti-aircraft gun is a point moving perhaps a hundred miles an hour many thousand feet in the air, and with the ability to turn and twist in any direction with great rapidity. Anti-aircraft artillery is, therefore, one of the most exact of all military sciences. I remember falling into error myself one time when I depicted to a number of possible recruits, the excitement of dashing at full speed through the streets of a bombed city with an anti-aircraft gun mounted on an automobile and firing as we rode. Of course, such procedure is utterly impossible, and if American cities are to be defended against hostile aircraft, they

must be outfitted according to the latest European method. To get this was the purpose of our mission, and all three of us felt rather like "Babes in the Woods," when we found, on our arrival at the general headquarters, just what our problems were to be, although we had been picked for the job because of our supposed knowledge of anti-aircraft artillery.

The use of anti-aircraft artillery in the defence of cities is a problem differing from its use along the firing line, although in the case of a city like Paris, the anti-aircraft artillery along the front is obviously, the first line of defence. So few enemy planes get by the anti-aircraft artillery in the trenches, that the worst of the problem has been solved before it becomes necessary to defend the city proper. Paris is an inland city, and before a German plane or planes can attack it they must cross the firing lines at night or above the clouds and escape detection by the anti-aircraft batteries. If they are seen, the information is promptly reported to the rear and the defenders of the city are ready before they arrive and planes are sent up to oppose them. Back of the actual front there are watching stations distributed through various parts of France, whose busi-

ness is to report planes that escape the notice of the guns at the firing line, and in case a fleet eludes both of these, it will be detected and intercepted by the airplanes, which are constantly patrolling the air above Paris. Thus, in order for an airplane to attack Paris, it must pass three lines of defence. This is known as depth of defence and is of prime importance in defending an area or a city.

A seaport, on the other hand, such as London or our own coast cities, presents an entirely different problem. The only way to warn the city of an approaching enemy esquadrille is by means of a fleet at sea, because by the time the airplanes have arrived at the coast or harbor, there is no time to make preparations for intercepting them. The best way to guard against aircraft attack on such cities is by means of other airplanes. In order to make such a defence effective, it is necessary to install a system of signals between patrol boats and the shore and to place watching stations in the other three directions to prevent planes from crossing a neighboring frontier and approaching the city from the landward side. It must be remembered that the speed of an airplane being nearly three times that of a

fast train, a frontier many miles away may be useful as a starting point for enemy aircraft.

The French cities suffered from air attack during the early part of the war. In September, 1914, a German aeroplane visited Paris nearly every day, and dropped insulting messages on the population. Every civilian who possessed fire-arms rushed into the streets and began shooting in the direction of the heavens. The result can well be imagined. How much damage was done will never be known in detail. I once asked a French captain what proportion of casualties during an air-raid was caused by falling shrapnel from friendly guns. He laughed, and answered, "There are no records of any such casualties. Everything that goes up is French, and everything that comes down is Bôche."

Little by little, France has developed a very perfect system of defence against air-craft. When Zeppelins first began coming over Paris and dropping bombs, they came on clear nights and used the rivers as guides to Paris, especially the river Oise. During the second year of the war, the Germans developed their instruments so that it was not necessary for them to use natural land marks as guides. By

getting their bearings by instruments, they were enabled to proceed to much greater heights and above the clouds on a cloudy night. It was reported that they used smoke-making devices for concealment. The Zeppelins, going higher, meant that attacking aeroplanes must be developed which could quickly go higher. One method of attack was for an aeroplane to get over the Zeppelin and drop an incendiary bomb through the gas bag. When the French improved their type of aeroplane so that it successfully met the Zeppelin, the Germans began using aeroplanes for their raids. At first they came by day, at an average height of about 1500 metres. Now, German planes average 6000 to 6200 metres in height, and there it is difficult for the anti-aircraft guns to reach them. Since the end of 1916, the German aeroplanes come usually at night, following some natural landmark, for they have not yet been able to keep their bearings or sense of direction in fogs or clouds as could the Zeppelins, by the use of instruments. Bomb-dropping from such altitudes has proved to be very inaccurate. No military damage of consequence has been accomplished, and the French officers consider that

the bombing has been intended merely to intimidate the civilian population. Paris has had good luck, for a very large proportion of the bombs dropped by the Germans have fallen in the parks or squares which abound in Paris.

An unsatisfactory device is the attempt to illuminate fighting planes by means of searchlights. These searchlights may inconvenience the enemy aviator, but they are certain to dazzle the pilots of the defending planes. The aviator can guard himself against being dazzled by the use of goggles, but, if this is done, it decreases his ability to find the enemy planes, and when the searchlight is taken away, he is in a worse predicament than before, as he is then lost in the dark. It has been suggested that searchlights be kept playing upon an enemy plane in order to dazzle the aviator so that, if he does not lose his sense of direction, his efficiency as a bomb-dropper and an observer shall be diminished. But this has not proved practical, as it is almost impossible to follow a moving machine with a searchlight. The moment the light strikes the aviator, he drops, and it is some minutes before he can be picked up again, while in the meantime, the

light has, perchance, revealed the whereabouts of the friendly aviators.

The best defence for American seacoast cities is in addition to guns an alert and well-trained esquadrille, guided by watching stations and always on the lookout for a possible attack.

CHAPTER IX

IN MID-CHANNEL

IT WAS with little pleasure that I accepted the suggestion to go to England. We had come to France to see as much of the war as we could, in a brief visit, and I did not want to tear myself away from the so-called battle-lines for any purpose whatsoever. Little did I realize that in going to London, I was going directly to the heart of the very kind of fighting that we had come abroad to see,—the defence of cities against enemy aircraft.

On the boat-train from Paris, I had one of the pleasantest experiences of my life. My compartment was filled with French people, charming and intelligent, including two very pretty girls, travelling with their mother. We soon entered into conversation and I found that the interest of the French people in every thing relating to America is intense and sympathetic. The French have, themselves, so perfect a civilization, such a perfect home life and such a high development of both art and

science, that they have been in the past a somewhat provincial people. Why study other countries, when their own country was almost everything that humanity desires in a high state of perfection. Now, however, like the rest of the world, France is beginning to open her eyes and reach out her hands to her sister democracies. To the average French person, America is almost incomprehensible; almost everything about us is beyond the ken of an old and settled country. Everything, indeed, except our love for freedom and our cordial manners. We have, in large part, the gaiety and optimism of the South combined with Anglo-Saxon political institutions. That much the French understand, but many other things are beyond them. Our practical efficiency, combined with an almost sentimental idealism, is in exact variance with the Latin point of view, which is rather materialistic in national affairs and a bit old-fashioned in their conduct of their personal business. It is almost impossible for a Frenchman to understand our habit of assimilating the crowds of foreigners who come to make their homes with us. It is hard for them to grasp our enormous size, the off-hand way in which we wander

about from city to city, and our lack of respect for money. A fortune is so hard to amass in Europe, that a Frenchman cannot understand the comparative indifference with which we make and lose money. All these things and many others we discussed as the train ran through the beautiful rolling fields of Normandy. Captain Ward had told me not to talk about America to the British, as the subject enraged them. That was only a few short months ago. Nothing could be more heartening to those who love other countries beside their own than the whole-hearted way in which both the French and British have welcomed us with all our faults and short-comings, as though we were their dearest and their oldest friend.

I was met at the Havre station by a sergeant of the American military police. He took me at once to the major in charge of the lines of communication, and treated me with the utmost courtesy and respect. These American military police are a very useful branch of the service. When large numbers of American soldiers, many of whom do not speak French, are travelling in strange countries, it is important that there be men stationed at

every large city to see that they are guided promptly and courteously about their affairs. Sometimes one meets an inefficient one. I remember the American military police at one port, when we were on our way home. I stepped up to him and asked, "Are you one of the military police?" He answered, "Yes." I asked, "Can you speak French?" He said "No." I then asked him if he knew where the boat left for the United States, and he said that he had not the slightest idea. I was then looking at him rather curiously to determine whether he was drunk or just stupid. He heaved a deep sigh, shifted his weight from one foot to the other, and remarked, "There 'haint the Hell of lot to this job." There certainly was not. However, I am glad to say that most American military police are both efficient and courteous. The one at Havre did everything possible to expedite my errands.

The streets of Havre might well be those of a British city. British soldiers are everywhere. The streets were crowded with them and the tram-cars were filled with them going to and from their camps. There were many English women in uniform. They wore soft campaign hats, olive-drab blouses and skirts,

brown stockings and low shoes. They were the members of the Woman's Army Auxiliary Corps, which supplies stenographers, clerks, chauffeurs, and other workers to the British Army. They were neat and intelligent women, doing a vast and highly important work toward winning the war. As they walked about the streets of Havre, each one was accompanied by a young soldier, and all seemed to be having a good time. I asked a British officer if the presence of these women in France, was not a great help toward keeping soldiers from getting home-sick. He said, laughing, that many of them were more efficient at that than at whatever they had enlisted to do. He added that as they held the rank of privates or of non-commissioned officers, the officers were not allowed to associate with them. I think he was rather jealous of the Tommies.

Part of the beautiful city of Havre rises to high cliffs overlooking the Channel. On the highest point is a lighthouse, and about it were many British soldiers lying in the grass, looking wistfully out across the Channel to the distant shores of home. Every few moments an aeroplane would rise up from the shore and,

joining others wheeling about over the water, watched for submarines. Behind the cliffs is the portion of Havre now occupied by the Belgian Government for its capital and the transaction of its business. Below the cliffs stretches a wide and sandy bathing beach, dotted with bright-colored umbrellas and little bathing-houses, and thronged with British soldiers and French and British civilians. The beach might have been one of our Long Island beaches on a pleasant summer Sunday, except that the women wore the charmingly suitable and scant bathing suit customary in France. Opposite the lower part of the city are the long and busy wharfs. They were crowded with German prisoners, young, active men, still in their own uniforms, busily engaged in loading and unloading freight. I was told that they were perfectly contented, and had been promised the same pay that they would have received as soldiers in the German Army. They were within sight of a few sentries, but they practically never tried to escape. There were officers, sometimes, who tried to get away, but it is unheard of for an enlisted man to do so. They consider that the fighting is ended, as far as they are concerned,

and they do not wish to go back to the trenches to be killed.

The Channel route from Havre to Southampton is mostly used by civilians, but there is a goodly sprinkling of soldiers and officers going home on leave. My chair was placed next to that of a Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel, who was going home for a rest after having treated 60,000 soldiers suffering from malaria in his hospital at Malta. Turks are not the only enemy that the British must meet and conquer in the Orient. The Channel was somewhat rough and it was a funny, though pathetic, sight, to see tanned and battle-scarred British officers, who had dutifully faced the guns of the enemy for many months without a qualm, leaning helplessly over the rail of the boat and descending at last in Southampton, pale and dishevelled. Our train for London was crowded with men home on leave, their rifles and shrapnel helmets strapped on their backs, but on their tanned faces a smile of happiness that came from the heart.

CHAPTER X

LONDON IN WARTIME

ON REGISTERING at a hotel in London, I was given a blank which must be filled out by all aliens, and on which I was obliged to set forth at length what seemed the history of my life. I also was told that I must register at the nearest police station. I registered at the Bow Street police station, where I met a very pleasant officer, who told me that being an American officer, I was not obliged to register at all.

On the evening of my arrival, I walked out to the Strand, which is crowded with people if a German raid is not taking place, and got my first view of a London crowd in wartime. The atmosphere struck me as distinctly unpleasant. Nine out of every ten persons walking on the Strand were women. It may be perfectly legitimate for women to walk through the Strand in the evening attended or unattended, but the appearance and actions of many of the women made one glad that no

American soldiers were with them. One grabbed me by the arm as I passed. I was impressed that the London authorities do very little, if anything, to protect soldiers from one of the worst enemies that an army has to fear.

And while thoughtless soldiers and painted women walked up and down the street, another little scene was being enacted across the way, at a large station on the Strand. A curious crowd was gathered about one of the station's wagon entrances, near which the trains unloaded, watching ambulance after ambulance being filled with wounded from the recent push in France, and quickly driven away. While the crowds in the street thoughtlessly enjoyed themselves and carelessly glanced at the swiftly-moving, white ambulances, with the red crosses on the outside, inside lay some of the very men that had made Britain's last great victory possible. I glanced in one of the ambulances and saw two boys, still in uniform, lying with their eyes closed and bloody bandages about their heads.

In London, only the Strand appeared thoughtless. In general, British men and women there, and in every other part of the island, seemed to be doing their best to win the

war. In London, I first learned from men, who had been present, of the wonders performed by that "contemptible little army," when first sent to the continent. Barely a handful, as modern armies go, they lacked everything which usually makes success possible in warfare. Their largest gun was an eighteen pounder, and for a long period of time, they had so little ammunition that they could only fire six shots a day. The Germans might relieve their front line trenches in plain sight, but if the six shots had been expended, the British could not fire at them. They did not have control of the air and, as a result, they could not obtain the accurate range for the few shots they could fire. Their guns were not big enough to blow away the German barbed wire entanglements, and as a result, they charged with insufficient artillery preparation and were caught on wire that should have been blown to shreds, or were shot down in rows by machine guns which could not be silenced because of lack of artillery.

Often, because of inferior ammunition or for other causes, then not possible to rectify, the weak British barrage, directed against the Germans, fell among their own troops, and

one well-known Canadian regiment is said to have been nearly exterminated from this cause. As one English sergeant expressed it, "The men will gladly go against whatever they are sent, but it does take the heart out of the men for our own guns to be turned on us."

Insufficient food and insufficient clothing and other hardships were borne, enough to break the spirit of ordinary men, and yet they withstood the attack of the German hordes, equipped with big guns, an abundance of machine guns, plenty of ammunition, food and clothing, and everything else needed by an army, and forced them to take to trench warfare and give Britain and France a real chance to prepare. When the war began, France had barely one thousand rounds per gun for her artillery, and was little prepared for the unexpected onslaught made on her.

An English officer described fighting in those days, when complicated systems of first trench dugouts were not employed, as follows: "You are in a trench and the Huns begin to bombard you. Your guns, because of lack of ammunition, withhold their fire. A Hun shell bursts just short of your trench with deafening roar, but you are still safe. Shells are

bursting all about. One goes past, just missing landing in the trench. One falls in a traverse next you and kills every man in it. And so it goes; you hope each moment that you will be safe to the next."

Another British officer told me how one day the commander of the artillery came to the men in the font trenches and quietly said, "I have all the ammunition I need. At what shall I fire?" A German battery that had been killing many British in the front trench was selected as a target, and the British artillery opened fire. The German battery immediately responded by firing on the British infantry, which called the British artillery upon the telephone and begged it to stop as the target was killing more of their men. The answer was that the British artillery intended to finish what it began. Shells came from every direction back of the British trenches towards that German battery, which was soon put out of action. The British infantry did not know the army had so many guns, and from that time forth, British soldiers fought on more equal terms with their opponents. It is calculated that had Britain been prepared,

over two hundred thousand of her dead soldiers would be alive to-day.

The men of Britain have not been the only ones to win glory in this war. The women of Britain, often of gentle birth and unused to any form of labor, have gone into the munition factories and made possible the victories of the front. Everywhere they have taken man's place to leave him free to fight. In the ages to come, when British boys read of the glorious deeds of Britain's soldiers and sailors in this war, let him also remember British women, who have given up everything, including, frequently, their health and lives, to help add the glory to those deeds.

London, like Paris, seemed to be filled with soldiers. The best drilled soldiers I have ever seen, were those of the crack British regiments. I saw a company of new men drilling outside of the barracks near Buckingham Palace, who were being trained to be sent shortly to the front, and the drill of those young soldiers would have done credit to West Point Cadets.

I saw many wounded about the streets of London. When first out of the hospitals, they wear uniforms of blue overall material with red neckties. When nearly well, they wear

their regular uniforms with a blue band about the arm. I asked a British officer why the wounded wore the blue band. He answered that it was so that they could not get a drink. It seems that Tommy can get all the drink he can pay for unless he is wounded, in which event, he must go to the extra trouble of wearing something that will conceal his blue uniform or band. It will take something more than a blue uniform or a band to keep Tommy from getting his drink.

The price of food in London was less than in the United States, and the prices of most other commodities were likewise cheaper. All military equipment could be purchased for about half the price that similar articles would cost in the United States, and there did not seem to be a noticeable scarcity of any of the so-called necessities. It would pay the United States to copy British laws against profiteering.

CHAPTER XI

AIR RAIDS AND COURAGE

IN FORMER wars, every civilized nation has refrained from injuring non-combatants whenever possible. This practice was based upon rules of warfare recognized by all nations for centuries, and was originally founded upon humane grounds. In this war, Germany apparently regards no rules of international law or usage as binding upon her where it is to her advantage to violate them.

Warfare, as developed by German standards, demands that the home cities of the enemy be bombed without any intention of doing direct military damage. The purpose is to create such fearful havoc among non-combatants that panic and a desire for peace, at any price, will ensue. The attacks by the Germans on London, and other unprotected English cities, show clearly that they aim to exterminate as many British as they are able without regard to either age or sex.

London is as much a fortified city as is

New York City, with Governors Island near-by, which means, of course, that in a military sense, it is not a fortified city at all. Bombs are dropped from such a height that absolutely no accuracy can be obtained, and the Horse Guards or Tower of London might not be hit even if the hostile aircraft, without interference, dropped its bombs from exactly overhead. The ordinary height of raids while I was in England, was 14,000 feet. Assume, in addition, that the hostile aircraft is travelling seventy or more miles an hour, then one can appreciate the difficulty of accurate bomb-dropping. Since all Englishmen from nineteen to forty-five years of age are in the army, unless exempt, and are presumably away on duty, the Germans must know if they bomb an English residential section, that old men, and particularly women and children, will be the main sufferers. If they kill a soldier, it must be when he is home on leave. Most of the bombs have been dropped in the residential and hotel sections. Once, entirely by accident, a bomb struck a barracks, and while I was in London, a bomb fell on one of the few German landmarks, a German gymnasium. "The folks at home" are what they

are after, and women and children furnish the greatest number of their victims.

The aircraft attacks on Great Britain began with Zeppelin raids, which at first caused great damage. They came at great heights, and for some time it was very difficult to injure them. The anti-aircraft guns reached them with difficulty, and the bullets from the machine guns of the British aeroplanes caused little damage. Finally, incendiary bullets, to be used in the machine guns of the British aeroplanes, were invented, the purpose of which was to set fire to the gas in the Zeppelin's gas bag. There were three kinds of incendiary bullets produced, and there was a wide difference of opinion as to which kind was preferable. An aviator named Robinson decided that he would use all three kinds alternately, and he attacked a Zeppelin and destroyed it. It was then for the first time discovered that the effect of the three kinds of incendiary bullets, combined, was much better than any one kind singly. Robinson received the Victoria Cross. From the time that he brought down his first Zeppelin, one was destroyed in nearly every raid on England thereafter.

Zeppelins, having thus proved unsuccessful, aeroplanes began to come over in the daytime. The English planes attacked them, and they were further subjected to fire from the anti-aircraft guns. The practice finally was adopted by the Germans of coming over on moonlight nights, when rivers and other natural landmarks could be used as guides. The Zeppelins had come over on cloudy days and nights, but the aeroplanes were afraid to lose their way on such nights. A British aviator told me that if a German aviator came over in a cloud or a fog, he might not be able to tell whether he were flying upside down or right side up, for the reason that he would lose all sense of direction. At the present time, most of the attacks on London are made by aeroplanes, coming singly, at intervals on moonlight nights.

I arrived in London at the ideal time for air-raids, during what the English call "the harvest moon." While I was in or near London, six air-raids took place. The first raid occurred about 8 o'clock in the evening. Next day I saw where three bombs had fallen. One fell in St. James Park, and left a hole about 30x30x8 feet. Windows, several hundred feet

away, were shattered. I saw a five-story, wooden, frame house beyond St. Pancras Station, which had been hit by a bomb, and it appeared as if a section 40x40x40 feet had been bodily cut from it. A bomb fell on a hotel near the one in which I was staying, killing several persons and wounding an American lieutenant in the arm. The British official report stated that fifteen people were killed during the raid, and seventy injured.

As a sample of what the German rulers tell their people, let us look at the official German report, as published next day:

"Last night our airmen attacked England. Bombs were dropped on military buildings and warehouses in the heart of London. Fires gave evidence of the effect. All our machines returned undamaged."

I believe that I saw where everyone of the bombs dropped on London landed, and I later saw where some poor workman's home had been demolished at South End. After most careful inquiries, I could not find that a single bomb had been dropped on a military building or a warehouse, nor were there any fires. The incendiary bombs formerly dropped from the Zeppelins caused great fires, but those

dropped from aeroplanes while I was in London did not cause fires. They were built to demolish and kill.

During the time of the harvest moon, raids were expected every evening; in fact, they could gauge about the time the raiders would arrive. I watched the next raid from the street in front of my hotel. During raids the streets were deserted except by Americans and "drunks." After a few Americans have been killed, they will learn to take cover, and the "drunks" will have the streets to themselves. I left cover during raids for the reason that I had been sent abroad to study the very thing that was happening, and it was my business to be in the best position to see. Otherwise, it was foolhardiness, not bravery, to neglect taking cover. I could clearly see the bursting shells in the sky, but was unable to see the one German aeroplane that had penetrated the London barrage.

The next day I saw where two bombs had been dropped in quick succession on Old Kent Road, near Old Grange Street. One bomb had fallen in the center of the street, and another in the middle of the adjoining block. Being in uniform, I was admitted inside the

police lines. It was a poor section of the city, where many families lived in each small house. I counted, approximately, 150 houses that ranged from being practically demolished to having some portion of their fronts blown in. The official report stated that seven persons had been killed and twenty-five injured. The small number was probably because the raid took place at 8 o'clock. Had it occurred later, hundreds would have been killed in their beds.

The one raider who did this damage had gotten past the London barrage and had shut off his engine when high in the air to the west of London. He then planed down noiselessly towards London, with his engine shut off, dropped the two bombs, and started for home as fast as he could. It is the practice of the German raiders to get rid of their bombs as fast as possible, for the reason that the bombs are just as dangerous to them in the air, should a bomb be struck by a shell from the ground, as it is after it falls.

The next night was foggy, and London drew a sigh of relief, for this meant no air raid. The following night, a raid on London was expected, but was aimed elsewhere. On the night that followed came a raid, but no

hostile plane got through the London defences. The next night another raid occurred. I could plainly see the bursting shrapnel directly overhead. I first went out on the street with a Canadian officer who had served in the American Army during the war with Spain. The streets were deserted, except for the usual intoxicated men. Even the police had taken shelter. Thinking that we might see better from a higher elevation, we returned to the hotel, where many guests were huddled away from the shafts and windows, and we were looking out of an upper window when an old man came over to where I was and, timidly touching my coat, said, "Young man, you should not look out of that window; your life is much too valuable to lose it in that way." I said that I wished to see the fighting. He said, "One can see it well out of my room." He opened the door of his room and went to the window, and we could see the bursting shells. Suddenly, he realized where he was, and crying out, "Oh, I should not be here, I should be in the hallway," he ran from the room. I saw all I could, and then I heard one of the maids say, "The best place is on the roof, but no one is allowed to go there because of

falling shrapnel." Up on the roof my newly-found friend and I went, and we discovered a most wonderful fight going on over our heads.

Across the sky came burst after burst of exploding shells following the course of the German aeroplanes. Suddenly, another series of bursts would take place in another direction. Several fights were going on in several different directions at once, accompanied by what sounded like exploding bombs. After about ten minutes, the manager of the hotel came up and ordered us off the roof. I do not blame him for being careful, for I learned afterwards, that a bomb had fallen on the hotel a short time before I arrived, and that fifteen people had been killed. This, perhaps, explains why most of the people were so anxious to take cover. On my way downstairs from the roof, I met a young Canadian lieutenant "from Arizona," who suggested going out on the street. As we went, I heard one of the maids say, in a loud tone of astonishment, "Why they enjoy it."

We had the streets almost to ourselves. Above our heads, the shells from the anti-aircraft guns continued to explode. A shell fell into the street near us and half buried itself in

the roadway. Almost as soon as it fell, some men ran over from a neighboring building and began digging for it. Crowds of people were huddled in doorways, and my Canadian friend would jocularly ask them what was all the excitement. He told me he knew of several places where the crowds from the theatres went to get shelter, so he and I varied watching the bursting shrapnel with wandering about and looking over the crowds that were taking shelter. When my newly-made friend saw a number of people who looked particularly disconsolate, he would remark, in a loud tone of voice, "There must be a raid; this is a most terrible occasion." The official report stated that eleven persons were killed and eighty-two injured.

About a month before, raiders dropped a bomb in a street off the Strand. The street had been repaired when I saw it, and a hotel opposite, in which several people were killed in their beds, was being rebuilt. Holes were blown through solid brick walls some distance away. Anyone standing within a radius of several hundred feet might have been killed, and if much closer, would surely have been killed unless they were lying on the ground.

The most pathetic raid was when a bomb fell upon a children's school. I was told that children's arms and legs and heads were scattered around a bloody street littered with little mangled bodies.

Though the damage caused by the dropping bombs seems to be great, much of the loss of life comes from flying shrapnel and pieces of high explosive shells from the British anti-aircraft guns, for it must be remembered that everything that goes up must come down. While I was in London, a young girl went to her front window to look at the raid when an anti-aircraft shell came through the window of the bedroom above, crashed through the ceiling, and struck her on the head. Many others were killed, likewise, by the fire of the home defence guns. The English prevent more loss of life by ordering all the inhabitants to take shelter.

As for reprisals, whenever I heard it said that Americans and Britons must not adopt German methods of warfare, I am reminded of a little incident that occurred on a railroad train in England. A friend of mine, a civilian, was talking, and there were three British Tommies in the same carriage, apparently

paying no attention to what was being said. My friend remarked that English soldiers would never be willing to attack unfortified German cities through the air, and thus be the cause of killing women and children. No sooner were the words out of his mouth, than the three Tommies shouted in chorus, "Oh! wouldn't we!"

CHAPTER XII

WITH THE BRITISH BATTERIES

I WAS overjoyed when I received permission from the British Home Defence Office to join some anti-aircraft batteries near the mouth of the Thames, at a point where the raiders, following the course of the river, would first arrive over England. Once the Germans had tried to destroy the place by dropping twenty-eight bombs on it, and shortly after five more. They succeeded in killing two persons. One bomb, meant for a powder boat in the harbor, was dropped by a German who flew low to insure accuracy. The bomb actually dropped in the water between the boat and the wharf, in a space of about two feet, and did not explode.

I arrived on Sunday. That night about fourteen German planes came overhead, passing from the continent, on their way to bomb London, and I was with the British batteries in action against them. We could hear the drone of the German motors above us.

Sometimes the aeroplanes, themselves, could be seen indistinctly against the moon. All was silence at the guns until the gun commander considered he had the proper range, and then the racket began. Few sights are more wonderful than many guns in action at the same time. The noise was deafening until the German raiders got out of range, and our work was taken up by the batteries nearer London.

The next evening, while I was eating my dinner, air-raid signals came and the firing began. The shrapnel could be heard bursting high up in the air somewhere above the house, and the windows rattled with each explosion. The officers off duty took their time about finishing eating, after which I accompanied the Commandant to the guns, where he assumed command. High in the air, forming a zone of fire, were the bursting shells from the guns of our batteries. From above, came the drone of the German motors. It reminded one of a good, old-fashioned Fourth of July, only more of it. An added excitement comes from the fact that the Germans can see the flash from the battery and may succeed in landing a bomb close enough to put it out of commission.

I have mentioned days, so as to illustrate what was not such an extraordinary week for a Londoner as Americans might imagine. I had arrived in London on a Sunday. There had taken place in nine days, a total of six air-raids on London, and one attack elsewhere.

Next day, as I was working at my books, I heard what seemed a familiar drone overhead, and soon the alarm came that a day raid was being attempted. The batteries were manned, but did not get a chance to fire. I learned, later, that by mistake, a British seaplane, coming from the ocean had flown without giving notice, through the zone from which only enemies usually came. As a result, an alarm was given and business in London and other places was suspended for hours. The head of the anti-aircraft service was very clever in explaining the mistake to the public. As may be well imagined, an alarm creates real alarm and the public would be even more caustic in criticising the anti-aircraft service were they sent to cover and prevented from attending to their business for some hours because of baseless alarms. He got over the difficulty beautifully, by having all the papers publish accounts to the effect, that the raiders had been

successfully driven off, whereupon everybody said, "Good, old, anti-aircraft service, it is really getting quite efficient."

The personnel of the British anti-aircraft troops for home defence has changed materially. The British began with a system under which volunteers did duty every third night. There was little discipline among these troops, and many of the men, because of age and physical condition, were unfit for their work. The chief of this service was constantly annoyed because at the last moment when news was received of a coming raid, some man would call up and say that he had, for instance, a stomach-ache and it thereupon became necessary for the head of the service to find some other volunteer, whose turn it was to be off duty, to take the place of the man who claimed to be ill. The aircraft attacks on Great Britain became so numerous that these volunteers were told that they would be obliged to enter the regular service and serve continuously or be discharged. The old and physically unfit were thus forced out, and an efficient fighting force of young men was left. These men are now the same as regulars, and are on duty all the time. They do not attend

to their business when they are off duty, as their work at their guns takes too much of their time to permit this.

The question has been continuously asked why London suffers from air-raids while Paris has been nearly exempt. There are many reasons and I will state a few of them. In the case of London, the raiders from the continent, following the Thames or other natural landmarks, are over London in a very few moments after reaching land. They are not subjected to gun fire while crossing the channel and the only opportunity of the British to fight them is during those comparatively few moments when the hostile aircrafts are over England. The situation in the case of Paris is very different. Hostile aircraft must first pass several entrenched French armies, each of which is prepared to send up artillery barrages and to have its fighting aeroplanes follow the enemy. The aeroplanes at the British front take no part in the defence of London. The aeroplanes at the French front are part of the defences of Paris. When one considers that every city is largely deprived of aeroplanes for the benefit of the armies at the front, one can imagine the great advantage

if those same aeroplanes can still at the front be used in the city's defence.

In addition to London being easier to attack, there is another factor and that is that Germany hates England and wishes to bring home to English people the same suffering which Germany has been able to inflict on her other enemies. Northeastern France has been stripped bare. England itself also must be taught the cost of opposing the Prussian war-lord and German terrorizing means the killing of non-combatants and the doing of all material damage possible.

There is one other reason why London seems to be attacked more than Paris. The British report all raids while I have heard it said that the French do not. Whether France suppresses news of raids or not, the fact remains that the raiders constantly reach London while Paris is seemingly free from constant attack.

The British are not idle. A stay at their artillery school and an inspection of the London defences showed me that. They are gradually developing a defence that in the end may successfully keep away raiders. At night when approaching enemy aircraft cannot be

seen, a barrage or wall of fire is sent up and a hostile aircraft must go through it or turn back if it cannot get around it.

Anti-aircraft artillery is still in its infancy, particularly night fighting, which is evidenced by the fact that the Germans are limiting their raids to dark nights when they cannot be seen. Britain is working hard on her anti-aircraft problem, and she may at any time find the secret of stopping aeroplanes just as she did in the case of the Zeppelins.

CHAPTER XIII

WHAT TO DO IN AN AIR RAID

SINCE the United States may be attacked from air at any moment, it will be well to set forth what precautions the British have taken to minimize the damage done by air raids.

The City of London is kept as dark at night as is consistent with safe passage through the streets. A few street lamps are dimly lighted. All shades over windows of buildings must be lowered. In every room of each hotel is the following sign for the benefit of strangers:

"DEFENCE OF THE REALM ACT, ORDER IN COUNCIL

"In compliance with the above, it is requested that blinds (shades) be kept lowered between sunset and sunrise. A breach of this regulation renders the visitor liable to a penalty not exceeding £50."

All outer doors must be securely closed, and many persons have been arrested and fined because a small reflected light showed through a crack.

The worst damage that can be sustained by

any city is loss of life, and this can be largely eliminated if the inhabitants of the bombed city will obey certain simple rules of conduct. The London authorities have published rules which, in their essential particulars, should be adopted by the authorities of our cities likely to be attacked, and should be learned and obeyed by the inhabitants. I set them forth at length:

"The following recommendations are to be read as general rules to be followed by each person so far as they apply to the circumstances in which he finds himself.

"Do not pay heed to mere rumors of a raid, but as soon as you know, whether from a public warning or from anti-aircraft guns coming into action or from the explosion of bombs, that an attack is imminent or has begun, take the best cover near at hand.

"Do not wait till you see aircraft nearly overhead or hear the explosion of a bomb near you. You cannot tell how near the next bomb may fall, especially at night, and apart from the danger from bombs, fragments of shell may fall a long way from the guns. To stay in the open involves needless risk even if the attack seems a long way off.

"If you are in the open, go into the nearest available building. A doorway or open archway, though better than remaining in the open, is not good cover, as it affords little protection against fragments of a bomb exploding on the ground.

"If bombs are being dropped and there is no building near, it is better to lie down on the ground in the best ditch or hole you can find near at hand, or behind a strong wall or tree, than to remain standing in the open.

"If you are in a building on the top floor, go downstairs where you will have the best available cover overhead, avoiding lift wells, open stairways, and parts of the building under skylights.

"Do not look out of windows, but keep in a part of a room or passage where you will be out of the line of fragments of metal or debris which may enter by a window or if a bomb should explode outside.

"Do not crowd in a basement with only a single means of exit. The fumes from all bombs are injurious if breathed in any quantity, and it is advisable to have a second means of exit in case fumes should enter, or a gas pipe be broken, or rapid escape be necessary for any other reason.

"Horses, if left unattended, should be secured sufficiently to prevent their running away.

"FIRE PRECAUTIONS

"Water is far the best extinguisher for general use against fires caused by incendiary bombs, and should be applied as promptly as possible. Keep a supply of water ready in buckets or cans, some on each floor if possible. See that they are kept filled.

"Liquid fire extinguishers and hand-pumps for directing the water on to the flames are very useful, though more expensive.

"You are advised not to buy an extinguisher without a

written guarantee that it complies with the specifications of the Board of Trade Office of Works, Metropolitan Police, or some approved Fire Prevention Committee.

"A supply of fine dry sand or soil may be kept ready, in pails or scuttles, in addition to water, especially where there are inflammable liquids which might be set alight. See that the sand or soil does not cake.

"If the gas is turned off at the meter, see that all burners are turned off as well; otherwise there will be serious risk of fire and explosion when the gas is turned on again.

"Make a note of the quickest means of summoning the Fire Brigade—whether by telephone or the nearest fire alarm post.

"UNEXPLODED BOMBS AND SHELLS

"Do not move or touch any unexploded bomb or shell. The police should be informed at once where any such missile is lying and steps should be taken to prevent its being interfered with meanwhile.

"If the bomb has broken, and powdered explosive has been scattered about, do not bring a naked light near.

"FUMES FROM BOMBS

"Be careful not to breathe fumes given off by bombs. Do not go near where any bomb has fallen unless it is necessary to do so for rescue purposes or to extinguish a fire, or unless you are sure all fumes have cleared away.

"If a bomb falls near you, get away from the place where it has fallen as quickly as possible, and keep away until the air has cleared. If you are indoors and fumes have entered the building, go out into the open away from where the bomb has fallen; and if the raid is not over, find other shelter.

"While good cover is the point of most importance, choose, if you can, rooms, corridors, etc., where in addition to cover overhead, there are alternative means of exit, so that if fumes should enter from one direction you may be able to escape the other way.

"It is better to avoid going near the place where any bomb has fallen than to trust to respirators. If, however, you desire to keep a respirator available for use in case it should be necessary to enter a room where there may be noxious fumes, make sure that the respirator is guaranteed by the maker to comply in all essential points with War Office specifications. Do not on any account rely on a respirator offered for sale unless it is accompanied by such a guarantee.

"USE OF THE TELEPHONE

"Do not use the telephone during, or immediately after, a raid except for the most necessary and urgent calls.

"FALSE REPORTS OF AIR-RAIDS

"Remember it is an offence punishable by fine or imprisonment under the Defence of the Realm Regulations to spread false reports of an air-raid warning having been issued or an air-raid having taken place."

If a house is fairly well built, occupants may consider themselves reasonably safe from injury, except from broken glass, if there are two stories above them, though three stories afford a surer protection. It has been found by experience that a bomb will expend most

of its force in the two upper stories of a fairly well built house.

The surest way to be safe, however, is to fit up and occupy during raid alarms a little place in the most secluded part of the cellar where one can perhaps forget in the pages of some interesting book that Germany is trying to inflict wholesale murder upon him and all who reside in his neighborhood.

CHAPTER XIV

THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE

TRAGEDY was all about us there in England. Bereavement, poverty and actual physical danger were never absent from the minds of the English people. Yet there is something extraordinarily splendid about the way in which everything is done that can be legitimately done to maintain the amenities of life and to add what charm and cheer is possible to daily life. It is an ever recurrent surprise to Americans when it is first born in upon them that this war is not a distant thing fought in some out-lying part of the world, to which troops are sent and from which, in time, they return, but that the ugliness and simplicity and bitter practicality of military life is superimposed directly upon the most finished civilizations, the most beautifully cultivated country-sides and the most charming homes. Something of that idea struck me on my first visit to an English country house when I saw my modest military toilet articles, last in use

on the Mexican border, spread out upon the priceless antique bureau in one of the loveliest sleeping rooms I have ever entered and when I realized that just such strictly utilitarian and dun-colored equipment were the treasured possessions of every house in England.

That evening at dinner I succeeded in proving for the first time that Captain Ward is not infallible. We talked of America and my host and his guests were far from infuriated. They were, on the contrary, intensely interested and sympathetic. If America and England can come to understand each other and love each other as brothers should, it will almost be worth the bitter price we have had to pay for such friendship. The English speaking races of the world can insure peace and freedom for all humanity, if they will only drop all international rivalry and jealousy, and stand by one another in every possible way.

While the English have cut down ostentation as far as possible, they have maintained the simple comforts of life to an extraordinary degree, sometimes with amusing results. I was awakened one morning by a knock at my door, and getting out of bed very scantily

draped, supposing the valet had arrived, I opened the door and in tripped a dainty little servant girl carrying hot water. I got hastily back into bed again and she departed. A few minutes later I had risen again and was preparing to shave, when the door flew open and she walked in, this time carrying a breakfast tray. I had just recovered from my second fright and was preparing to eat my breakfast, when she returned with my boots. After that I kept the door locked until I was fit to be seen. When I began to get ready for the train I found that the maid had completely packed my roll and that it was in the carriage waiting for me. Some day I hope to find out where in my room that maid had hidden that roll, for I hunted for it "from top to bottom."

The coachman who drove me to the station told me that his brother had just been blinded in military service; he himself had been examined and rejected five times for physical disability. When I arrived at my hotel, I read in the morning papers that an air-raid had taken place in the evening previous while we were at dinner.

I quote the foregoing story to illustrate the British point of view. Whether my hostess

and host knew an air-raid was going on, perhaps overhead, I have no means of knowing, but they must have known that an air-raid was expected to occur that evening. They typify the point of view of the ordinary intelligent Britisher concerning air-raids, namely to take all reasonable precautions as to cover and then forget about them.

Another British point of view as to material damage caused by raids was shown by an incident that occurred while I was examining some bombed houses. One of the occupants, who had lost apparently everything he owned in the world, was showing me the damage and did not seem very much disturbed by what had been done to his property. I asked him in as sympathetic a tone as I could muster whether his loss had been great. "Oh, no!" he answered, "I am insured." Both the Government and private companies give cheap insurance against loss caused by air-raids, and the Government is now planning to give such service free. This insurance is becoming a war measure because it prevents the Germans from succeeding in their attempts to dishearten the mass of the English population.

British character is changing. The slow,

conservative, self-satisfied individual formerly depicted in our comic weeklies has departed, and in his place stands a quick-acting, progressive person who wishes to improve methods wherever possible. Great Britain has been "cleansed by fire." Her tremendous losses caused by lack of foresight, the ever impending possibility of defeat unless tremendous efforts are made by the nation as a whole, have inculcated new ideas and ideals into the national character.

Formerly the belief in the rights of the individual as distinct from those of the nation as a whole seemed ingrained. That a free-born Englishman should be made to serve in the army only if he wished, appeared axiomatic. Conscription was hard for the ordinary Englishman to swallow, and yet today the motto that "England expects every man to do his duty" should read "England compels every man to do his duty." It has found ready assent.

The old British belief in the rights of the individual finds expression in the provision that conscientious objectors to the draft need not be obliged to serve. In the United States a man is exempted providing he belongs to

a religious denomination that keeps him from warfare, but in England a man needs only to "object conscientiously" in order to be exempted. This means that British conscription is a form of voluntary conscription, and yet, to the credit of the British let it be said, that conscientious objectors are comparatively few.

The English belief in the rights of the individual was typified by an occurrence in London while I was there. A noted pacifist minister announced a pacifist sermon, and the authorities sent one hundred and fifty constables to protect him. In the United States there would have been sent one stenographer to take down his sermon as evidence, and two policemen to arrest him. Though the London pacifist preached sedition, the police protected him from a howling mob. The English authorities have not yet learned that there is a great difference between free speech and the right to give utterance to seditious ideas.

The English treatment of Ireland is difficult to understand. It is difficult for Americans to understand why Great Britain does not give Ireland home rule; it is equally difficult for Englishmen, Scotchmen and Welsh-

men to understand why Irishmen shouldn't be made to serve in the army as they are forced to do. In her treatment of Ireland, Britain has inconsistently ranged from extreme severity to what seems extraordinary good nature and the two follow each other with remarkable speed and without apparent reason.

The British formerly gave a man a commission in the army because of his family or social standing; now they give it to him because of his military ability, and because he deserves it. Britain now makes a prominent show of her democracy. I saw in London a very amusing play which showed the changed British point of view, and which set forth pleasantly how real Democracy is getting a hold on Britain's social life. The play was called "General Post" and next to the musical comedies it was having a good run.

The first act is laid in 1911; the heroine falls in love with her father's tailor, who is a successful one and an officer in the territorials (like our National Guard); her father being one of the old school, loudly proclaims that there is no possibility of war with Germany and that the territorials are of no use; he states that Germany knows that if she went to war

with Great Britain she would be wiped off the map in a week; the tailor, recognizing his inferior social status, tells the heroine he cannot marry her. The second act is laid in 1915; the tailor is Colonel of the territorial battalion in which the heroine's brother holds a commission as second lieutenant; her father is a private in the volunteers, father and son, being military inferiors to the tailor, are now well disposed, but not the mother, who still retains the old ideas of caste. The third act is laid after the war; the hero is a Brigadier-General and, for saving the victorious army at the risk of his life at a critical point, he is given the Victoria Cross and is about to be promoted and made a baronet; all England is filled with his praises; mother, father and brother are now anxious for the girl to marry him, but now the heroine refuses. Finally, by accident she is thrown into a position where she accepts him and the curtain goes down on a "bear hug."

The foregoing outline hardly does justice to the play which was cleverly acted and brought home a salutary lesson to its audience. That such a play should be popular speaks for the changing British point of view.

The feeling of ordinary Britons for the Americans is very friendly at the present time. They greatly admire President Wilson and they now believe that he wished to be in the war from its inception but was held back because he did not have a united nation behind him. They do not believe that he at any time was a pacifist and are quite ready to withdraw all the disagreeable statements formerly written and said about him. The President's notes and messages are eagerly read and, since our entry into the war, are welcomed as masterpieces of careful diplomacy.

Public sentiment in the United States is carefully watched. The opinions of our prominent men are sought on matters affecting English party politics and our editorials are quoted at length in the English papers. In fact it has been said that the American editorials are more read and have more real effect in England than they do in the United States.

I am constantly asked the question, "How do the British feel about this war?" This question I think I can answer. Britain is determined to win this war. The new nation is using every ounce of its energy to utilize all it possesses of people and wealth for that end.

Britain is far from exhaustion in men or money. Efficiency is taking the place of inefficiency. Unnecessary business has been made to give in to the conduct of business which tends towards the prosecution of the war. Women are doing all they can to free men for active service in the army. Everybody's wealth is being made subject to the nation's needs. Whatever may happen to the individual of good or bad the war must be won. With that slogan, Britain is growing stronger each day, and her victories on the fields of France are a proof of the efficiency of her newly developed point of view.

CHAPTER XV

AMERICANS WITH THE CANADIANS

IT HAS been said that there are nearly thirty thousand Americans with the Canadians in the military service of Great Britain. Whether attracted by love of adventure or by more serious motives, since 1914, and until our advent in the war, without the knowledge of our Government, Americans in increasing numbers have been crossing into Canada to enlist. Most of them began as privates. Many of them are now officers. They have helped make that brilliant Canadian military record of which all Canadians may be justly proud.

Many of these Americans can be found on leave in London and I met several of them. One night while I was walking on a London street, a young Canadian lieutenant stopped me and introduced himself as coming from Somerville, Mass. While I was talking to him three other Canadian soldiers stopped, because of my uniform, and introduced themselves as coming respectively from Syracuse,

New York, and Cleveland, Ohio.

One day while at lunch in my hotel, another Canadian soldier introduced himself and said that he was from Chicago. He told the story of how he came to enlist. He was engaged to a girl of German extraction in Chicago, but her brother for some reason broke up the engagement. When war came, the brother returned to Germany and became an officer in the Prussian Guards. When the American heard of this, he immediately enlisted in the Canadian Army, in the fall of 1914, to look for that brother. His battalion has met the Prussian Guards many times, but he has never been able to locate him. He seemed to have an idea that if he could find and kill the brother, all obstacles to marrying the girl would be removed, and if he survives the war he could return to Chicago and claim her.

This American was in London on leave and had been given hopes of obtaining a commission before he returned to the front. He said that he was a scout and that his duties were to crawl between the lines in "No Man's Land" and sometimes into the German trenches. Previously he was with a machine gun squad and his duty was to run ahead of

an infantry charge firing a Lewis machine gun. He carried with him a diary of his experiences wrapped in an American flag, and firmly believed that if the Germans ever captured him and read his diary, they would surely kill him. He also said that ninety per cent of his battalion were Americans. These men were only a few but they could be met wherever Canadian soldiers were gathered in any numbers. They are suffering in the great cause, for hardly a day passes but what there are published the names of several American killed and wounded from among those whose desire for military service could not wait the entry of this country into the war.

I hope that something can be done to get these men into the American Army. Every one of them that I met said that he was homesick for our army now that we are in the war and begged me to do everything possible to get him transferred. If Great Britain saw fit to transfer these men in a body to the American Army they would form the best possible nucleus for our own newly forming regiments. If some American statesman wishes to earn the undying gratitude of thousands of his fellow citizens, let him arrange for their transfer

to the army of their own country.

I met another Canadian, this time really a Canadian, who had served in a Louisiana regiment during our war with Spain. Later I told an English officer of this incident and remarked that as Canada had helped us during our war with Spain, it was equally fitting that the United States should help Canada at this time. The Englishman's reply was, "Oh, I dare say that you would have won your war with Spain without Canadian assistance." He was not one of the new type of Englishmen developed by the war.

CHAPTER XVI

ON THE SOMME

IT IS most difficult to describe a battlefield so that another person who has not seen it can visualize it. Imagine a country where the ground has been churned and churned until nothing remains except churned sub-soil, top-soil and rubbish. Imagine nothing left but shell holes, smashed dugouts and graves. Imagine the land as lands were ravaged by Attila the Hun, who left nothing except the earth and the sky, and then one can perhaps picture the condition of France when the Germans have done their work.

Poor France! The Somme Valley was formerly a flourishing agricultural community with populous villages and towns, and now nothing but the earth and sky remain except where a few ruined cellar holes show the former location of a town or village and a few charred stumps show what remains of a magnificent forest.

The town of Albert is on the edge of the

Somme battlefield where the hard fighting of 1916 took place. Albert was not in the German lines at that time, but was unfortunately subject to shell fire from the German guns. It was abandoned by its inhabitants on the approach of the Germans. Many of the houses show the effect of the bombardment, and though a few of the inhabitants had returned the streets and houses seemed deserted except for the British soldiers. All except the few occupied houses were open to the elements and many of them in ruins. From the top of the steeple of the Cathedral still hung the image of the Virgin, since shot down, stretched out horizontally and showing the effect of the German bombardment.

The road from Albert to Bapaume passed through the scenes of some of the hardest fighting of the Somme battle. From the road could be seen what was formerly Ovillers, Pozieres, Le Sars, Eaucourt-l'Abbaye; nothing but rubbish heaps. All along the road were British dugouts, British trenches, British barbed-wire, what was formerly "No Man's Land," German barbed-wire, German trenches, German dugouts and British and German graves. A few hundred yards farther

along the same scene is repeated. So it is all along this terrible battlefield where thousands of British lives have been given to win a few hundred yards of bare ground. I counted nine British tanks that had been put out of action and the other debris of a battlefield lay in every direction. The British were trying to save as many of the objects abandoned on the field as could be used again. This work is done by British Indians who pile the material on trains operated on narrow gauge tracks by American engineers.

When the Germans retreated from the region they showed their diabolical ingenuity to accomplish the killing of men. They left in the abandoned territory many houses, and attractive things, little things scattered about, souvenirs, like German helmets and shining objects. When a British soldier touched the helmet or object, he would be blown up by a bomb. When a soldier went through a path, he would trip over a wire and a bomb would explode. When a man entered a house and stepped, for instance, on the first step of the stairs to the second story, the whole house would be blown up. For months afterwards the houses were blowing up by means of time

devices. Soon practically no whole houses were left. In the town of Bapaume, a big chateau, a landmark for miles around, was left intact. I never could find out how the British used it, but I rather imagine that a headquarters was there. One day someone moved an image in a small pagoda-like outhouse and the chateau went up in the air leaving only a big hole in the ground. One night I dined with some British anti-aircraft artillery officers in a bomb-proof shelter near this spot. Next the shelter was the pagoda where the image had been. To our rear was the hole where the chateau had been.

One night while dining near Peronne in one of the few whole houses left standing, one of the officers of a battery stationed near that point casually remarked during dinner that since most of the houses in the neighborhood had blown up there was really no telling when the house in which we were dining would also go. I really felt relieved when I got out of it.

Anything that is likely to attract attention and which will blow up when one touches it is called a "booby trap" by the British. During the following up of the German retreat so many British soldiers were injured by these

traps that orders were issued to the effect that anyone being injured by one of them would be considered as having received a self-inflicted wound. This order somewhat reduced the number of casualties.

I spent some time in Arras, which had been again bombarded by the Germans two days before I arrived. The town had been abandoned by its inhabitants and most of it was in ruins. North of Arras is Vimy Ridge, where the Canadians gained undying fame. On the way there we passed more leveled towns whose names on the map alone showed where towns formerly existed. Everywhere were dugouts, trenches, wire entanglements and graves. The Indians had not yet reached that point in their cleaning. I saw everywhere German shell cases, relics of when the Germans held the ground, and German shrapnel and high explosive, British unused three inch shells, British fuse caps, British bandoleers, British cartridges both in clips and loose on the ground, and other things of similar nature which showed the later occupancy of the ground by the British. The German graves seemed to be as carefully looked out for as British graves. A wooden cross with the dead man's

name and regiment marks each British or German grave, though some of the latter had elaborate stones. The graves were grouped as if, after an advance, the bodies from that immediate locality had been gathered and buried near where the men were killed. Some distance to the rear, all the street signs were in English. Close behind the trenches, the signs frequently were in German.

The British get so accustomed to conditions that they pay no attention to the proximity of the German lines when using the roads in the rear. One day while at Vimy Ridge on the road to Lens, which town was in possession of the Germans, my guide, a British Major, pointed out to me where the German front and second line trenches were, and also indicated some high ground to the rear which he stated the British hoped soon to possess. It appeared to be merely a desolate waste upon which no human being could be seen. I did a lot of thinking because it seemed to me that if we could see the location of the German trenches so clearly that the Germans surely could see us. Intermittent firing was going on at the time. We walked to the Major's motor and went along a road parallel

to the German lines. It was broad daylight and a clear day. After we had been proceeding some few minutes, I asked a question. "Cannot the Germans see us?" "Yes," he replied. "Is it not dangerous going along like this, within plain sight of the Germans?" I asked further. "No, the Germans have not been shelling automobiles on this road lately; they will not turn their guns on us unless we get stuck," he answered. "But we might get stuck," I suggested. "That might not make any difference," he replied, "we would then have two chances: in the first place, the Germans might not open fire after all; and, in the second place, they might not hit us if they did."

All along the front excellent roads lead up to the front trenches. When the Germans are driven back, Indians, British workmen and prisoners continue the building behind the advancing British line. Road builders are a very important part of a modern army. Back of the trenches also are railroads. Far in the rear are standard guage tracks with ordinary trains which run to the danger zone where trains run on narrow guage tracks. These latter tracks can be built to the trenches them-

selves and handcars can save much manual labor. Railroad men are also a very important adjunct to the modern army, and it is in this capacity that many of our engineer regiments are doing most valuable service at the front.

Nearly all supplies are brought up at night, and as a result the Germans put a barrage on the roads, in the rear of the British trenches, to prevent supply wagons from being advanced. An old soldier can well imagine the excitement when a barrage lands among a convoy of mule teams. Even such a "staid character" as an army mule may then show signs of life.

CHAPTER XVII

WITH "BYNG OF CAMBRAI"

IT WAS a black night with only a few lonely looking stars hanging low above the tree-tops and a feeling of hushed expectancy filled the damp warm summer night. It was the evening of the day that I arrived at Albert and I had been invited to attend an entertainment being given near Bapaume by the Tommies of a departing division to the officers of the division that remained. Overhead was the brooding sky of the lowlands. Along the horizon, made dusky and far away by the mists, an occasional star-shell rose up like a sky-rocket and lighted for a moment the mutilated trees. In the field beyond the jagged remnants of a little village was a bomb-proof shelter in the ground backed up to a pile of earth thrown up by the heavy bombardment. As we drew up before the door we could see tiny cracks of light around the entrance and the quiet figures of British sentinels who, with their cumbersome equipment and their long

habituation to the life of the trenches, have come to seem almost part of the soil for which they are so bravely fighting. In the dark mystical evening they rose up like rocks or trees until a pleasant English voice spoke a sharp challenge. Within the shelter there was for that part of France a brilliant scene. The room both in size and shape resembled a hall. At one end a stage had been erected with space provided for the orchestra and camp chairs had been set in rows, eked out by wooden benches directly to the rear. In the front row sat Lieutenant-General Sir Julian Byng and his Generals. In the second row sat nurses, and back of them all the officers according to rank. To the very rear sat the lieutenants and subalterns, who added loud and cheerful applause to the general gaiety of the occasion. The orchestra was made up of Tommies and most of the music was American rag-time. Why the British soldier should respond with such unfailing delight to "I want to go back to Michigan," is a question for psychologists to solve. I don't suppose that one out of a hundred of the men who march to battle shouting the tune have the slightest idea where or what Michigan is. It is the same with

many other typically American songs.

The show was excellent as all the performers were professional entertainers, men who had made a living before the war, by doing just such stunts in the London Music Halls. And from moment to moment at irregular intervals all through the performance there would come the distant boom of heavy artillery and the nearer crash of bursting shells. We were well within range of the German gun-fire but no one paid the slightest attention and the entertainment came to a successful and hilarious conclusion. As we filed out into the summer darkness there was a crash and for a moment the night was lit up like noon-day by a bursting shell and as a British officer and I motored along a darkened road parallel to the German lines a light suddenly flared up in the field at our left seemingly only a few yards away. I assumed that we had been heard and that the Germans were firing at us, but my companion laughed and remarked, "That is just a flare from the German trenches. They are trying to light up 'No Man's Land,' they are afraid that we may raid them."

My duties led me to the inspection of

various anti-aircraft batteries up and down the British lines just in the rear of the infantry trenches. I visited one battery that had been pushed up well under big gun-fire of the Germans but the location of which the latter had not yet discovered. The gun was concealed in a hollow and on either side there were the dugouts in which the gun crews lived. The men seemed fairly comfortable considering the usual Somme fall weather conditions and their proximity to the enemy. After having a cup of tea with the young lieutenant in command, in his dugout, which contained a bureau, table and bed, captured from the Germans, I began to retrace my steps. It was raining, there was almost a foot of mud and water in the trenches and the night was so dark I could hardly see a foot in front of my face. As I started off in the darkness, the lieutenant casually called out, "Oh! By the way! If you don't take the first road to the right, you will be in the German lines!" I am glad to say that my companion and I located and took the first road to the right.

The British throughout the Somme had captured the ridges and commanding places desired by them preparatory to their next

drive. Some miles to the rear were the rest billets where the troops go to recuperate after their turn of duty in the trenches. By these billets were fields and it was quite a usual sight to see football games taking place with the same enthusiasm that surrounds a match at home. The houses of the men were made of iron and looked much like large sewer pipes except that they were flat on the bottom. The ingenuity of the soldiers can make them very comfortable and everything possible was done for the comfort of the men. The worst of the front is the monotony and to overcome this, public entertainments for the men and officers were given and much private entertaining, especially among the officers. The British have their afternoon tea even at the front and I can well imagine a British Tommy sipping his tea at the proper time while an intense bombardment goes on overhead.

In England and at the British front, I learned to respect the British officers that I met. They appeared to be earnest gentlemen who were giving their best to their country. They treated us with all the thoughtful kindness that one person could use towards another and they seemed anxious that Great Britain

and the United States might be drawn closer together. Frequently they talked of America. One night several officers were gathered together around a wooden table in a damp and dim-lit dugout and they amused themselves by telling the place in the United States they would like to visit were they able to go. One selected Atlantic City; another selected Newport; and all the others selected Coney Island. The officers that one meets at the service schools in England, particularly, and at the front, may be English, or Scotch, or Irish, or Welsh, or Colonial, but they are going at their task with a seriousness and steadfastness of purpose that augurs well for the success of the allied cause.

The interest of Americans has been directed toward the Americans stationed with General Byng's army. When General Byng surprised the Germans and everyone else by almost reaching Cambrai in an attack led by tanks and unheralded by gunfire, it was the duty of the American engineers to build tracks and operate trains in the rear of his advancing army. In the Somme valley during the winter months, the mud is deep and the best of roads are almost impassible. Tracks are not affected

by the weather and are useful not only as a means of bringing up ammunition and supplies but also for the heavier guns which are brought up and fired from rails.

Britain lacks technical men. At the beginning of the war under the vicious volunteer system, large numbers of technical men enlisted as privates in the first British Army and were killed in France. Today Britain feels the loss of these men from whose education and training she received no benefit. America fortunately has been able largely to fill the breach by supplying both Britain and France with technical men. I frequently saw these American engineers on the Somme. Before the advance on Cambrai they were industriously aiding in moving supplies to the front and cleaning up and sorting those objects left on the old Somme battlefield of 1916 which might be of further use. When I saw them, they wore their campaign hats and though they were within range of the bigger German guns, none of them that I saw, wore the shrapnel helmet. The only ones that seemed to have rifles were sentries. When working they appeared to be unarmed so far as I could see.

From my knowledge of the Somme, I can

well imagine what happened to these men when the Germans repulsed General Byng's attacks and broke through in their turn. The duty of the engineers was to have roads built and tracks laid in rear of the advancing army right up to the front trenches and there they were when the Germans succeeded in breaking the British line in the region of Gouzeaucourt. When the Germans pushed the British aside and smashed through their lines, they came upon the Americans right in the rear and when British reinforcements came up the Americans were naturally caught between the forces of the combatants. Without shrapnel helmets or rifles they are said to have escaped by lying in shell holes while the British fired over them and there they remained until the advancing British were near enough to enable them to seize whatever weapons were available and join their ally. Until the immediate danger was past, these engineers served in the ranks with the British and helped withstand the German onslaughts. All of this was not without its cost for many of them fell and added their lives to the toll of the dead on the battlefield of the Somme.

CHAPTER XVIII

STORIES FROM THE TRENCHES

THE HORRORS of war have their funny side if one can forget for a moment their gruesomeness. Many wierd incidents relieve the monotony of trench life. Once in the Somme region a portion of the front trenches was held by a regiment that was new and particularly ineffective at making or resisting raids. Nearly every night the Germans raided its trenches and almost nightly many of its men were killed by the German raiders. The regiment was a failure either at resistance or at retaliating successfully. Finally the general commanding in that sector determined to make a change and he placed in that portion of the line a regiment famous for its raiding ability. That night the Germans raided as usual but the new regiment was prepared. Next morning the Germans at dawn could see from their lines the heads of their late comrades placed on posts along the outer edge of the British trench. This effectually put a

stop to further German raiding in that portion of the lines.

Another story is told about a British general who was only 27 years of age. Originally an officer of New Zealand troops, General C. B. Freyberg is one of the most picturesque characters that this war has developed. Once when the warships were going through the Dardanelles, he volunteered to swim ashore and light a flare to guide the ship, which feat was successfully performed. Later at the Battle of the Somme, he led a division in a brilliant charge and captured Beaucourt though four times wounded. He has won the Victoria Cross and every other reward for bravery given by Great Britain. In the early part of the war, he is said to have been bandaging the wounds of a German when the latter shot him. As a result of this treachery on the part of a man he was befriending, he has become extremely bitter against the Germans and insists on leading in person all charges of his troop. Each night he prowls in "No Man's Land" looking for a chance to crawl into the German trenches and capture or kill Germans. He has been wounded seven times and when I was in England was again in a hospital. A

Major told me that a patrol frequently reported at night, "All quiet between the lines except for a brigadier-general prowling about."

A friend of mine was driving an ambulance over a rough road behind the lines. He had with him a wounded German prisoner and a Turco. The night was dark, the road was rough and my friend was having trouble getting his car past the convoys going in the other direction. He felt a continuous tapping on his shoulder, but at first paid no attention. At last in exasperation he turned around and saw the wounded Turco cut the German's throat. The Turco had thought that the driver would enjoy this spectacle.

Shell shock has curious effects. Once, I have been told, a man lay twenty-four hours apparently quite dead in a trench. Suddenly a shell burst within a few feet of him. The man leaped to his feet shouting, "This is too hot for me," and rushed to the rear. Apparently the shell, bursting so near to him, had reversed the effect of a previous shell that had seemingly killed him.

There is another story of a man whose hip was broken so that he could not move from a

shell hole near the German lines. If the Germans had known he was there, they could easily have reached him and killed him. While he was lying in the shell hole, unable to move, a British soldier found him and stayed with him in the hope of eventually getting him back to the British lines. Each night the well soldier sallied forth in search of food which he obtained by raiding the neighboring German trenches. With food thus obtained, he sustained the wounded soldier and himself. For six weeks the well soldier, who at any time could have gone to his own lines but could not have returned to the aid of the wounded man, raided the German trenches and kept the wounded man and himself alive. One night he went on a raid as usual but did not return. The next day the wounded man, despairing of his former companion's return, determined to try to make his way back. He was making the best progress possible when some British going forward found him and brought him to their lines. The wounded man told the story of how he had been tended for six weeks by an English soldier who at the constant risk of his own life stayed with him and provisioned them both by raids of

the German trenches. The British general in command of the troops in that sector did not believe the soldier's story and directed that an X-ray photograph be taken of the break in the soldier's thigh. When the photograph was developed, it showed a six weeks' growth and malformation, which it was not possible to break anew. The wounded man was permanently injured but his life had been saved. When the photograph showed that the man's story was true, the British tried to find the soldier who had saved the wounded man's life so that he might be awarded the Victoria Cross. The man was never found.

I have heard it said that this war has been full of incidents for which men were formerly awarded the Victoria Cross, but which are now matters of everyday occurrence. The Charge of the Light Brigade is quite surpassed by one charge north of Arras, where the British massed thousands of cavalry for breaking through the German lines to follow up the charge that would be made by the infantry. The advance was ordered, the infantry charged and then the cavalry. The hope was that the German lines could be rolled back on either flank by pouring through

thousands of cavalry past the infantry at that point. The cavalry captured much ground, but at a fearful cost. About sixty per cent. of the men, and ninety per cent. of the horses, were put out of action. The stench from the bodies of the horses could be smelled in that sector for months afterwards.

One of the most awful stories told me at the British front bears on Germany's treatment of her own women. Statements have been repeatedly made and printed in the papers of the United States, that Germany, realizing that she cannot win at this time a decisive victory, is striving for an inconclusive peace with the purpose of preparing for another war in about twenty years. By that time, she believes that she can make, with her spies, all nations except France, Great Britain and the United States, impotent or her allies. The three countries mentioned will have lost so many men in this war that the ordinary birth rate will not replace their losses by that time. A British officer told me that a certificate had been captured which designated a certain German soldier to act as the official husband of a portion of a German city, with a provision that if he finished his labors in that portion by a

certain time, he should continue his duties in another section. Thus the normal birthrate of the Teutonic powers will be raised to the point where Deutchland Uber Alles will be no longer a dream. The Germans are a practical people.

CHAPTER XIX

THE FRENCH FRONT ON THE AISNE

ONE OF the best and most respected and most feared Generals in all France is the commander of the 10th French Army, General Duchene. He has the reputation of being the least approachable man in all France, a brave and silent soldier. It was to General Duchene that our commission was sent in order to receive permission to visit the French front on the Aisne. French officers whom he first met looked at us with awe and pity when we told them where we were going. They were evidently sorry for any officer, and especially a stranger, who had to report to so terrible a personage. The French officer detailed to accompany us was almost rigid with fright. But luck was with us and by the purest accident we were given an introduction to the General unsurpassed for absurdity. It was the most ridiculous accident that could befall three well-meaning and innocent Americans in the presence of foreign greatness.

We had with us a German dog, a dachshund, captured in the French raid, and being cared for by the French officer as a pet. The little dog liked us and went with us everywhere. Although we had not intended to take him to call on the General, he slipped behind us into the ante-room where we were waiting for the General to receive us. We quieted him down and put him out of sight. We waited for a few moments in apprehensive silence and then the great doors swung open and we came into the presence of the man of ferocious memory. He was standing against the mantel and, as we approached him, he returned our salute and stared at us with his penetrating gaze. Just at that moment there was a wild rush of little feet,—the General's dog, one of the things he loves best in life, had spied the German dog in the ante-room. There was a fusillade of snaps and grows and a battle royal began in the middle of the General's reception room. Before we could separate them, the French dog had come out victorious, and as we removed our mascot, in chagrin, the General straightened up and smiled at us. We were told later, many times, that it was the first time in the history of the French Army

that General Duchene had smiled. He asked us several questions, abruptly, but kindly. He asked me how long I had been in military service, and I answered that I had first entered the American Army at the time of the war with Spain. To forestall the possible comment about our being "ancient and honorable," I added that my companion, Captain Wilder, was an engineer, an expert on time-fuses and explosives. Our answers seemed to please him. When we described the information which we desired to obtain, he directed the French officer with us to introduce us to the Chief of Artillery, who would see that everything possible was done for us. He then shook hands with us most politely and we departed. For weeks afterwards, we kept meeting French officers who wanted to do their best to smooth down the impression of fierceness that we must have received from General Duchene. We never told them about the dogs.

All battlefields nowadays are very much alike. The typographical distinction of the Chemin des Dames, over which the tide of battle had poured back and forth so furiously, is the long ridge which runs down the center

of a wide and fertile plain. The Road of the Ladies runs along this ridge. As we arrived at the French front, preparations were in progress for the opening of the great offensive made by the French a few days later. The roads on the French side of the ridge, excellent military roads running to all points of importance and up to the French trenches, were lined with curious military camions filled with the Alpine Chasseurs, who are the shock troops of the French. The camions were carefully covered so that the Germans might not know that crack regiments were being brought up against them. The roads were camouflaged wherever they could be seen from the German captive balloons. These balloons are stationed over the trenches. It is difficult to reach these balloons with gun fire because they are far to the rear, but it is a favorite game for the aviators to try to drop incendiary bombs on the enemy balloon, bringing it crashing to the ground. The aeroplane will mount high in the air, and then diving suddenly, will drop a bomb. The observer in the balloon is supplied with a parachute. When his balloon is struck he jumps off in space and the parachute is sup-

posed to bring him safely to the ground. Usually it does.

As we drove along one of these beautiful military roads we passed a steady tramp, tramp of French soldiers going to the front. We passed enormous loads of supplies of every kind for the great battle which soon followed. Although the camouflage made by strips of sheeting about ten feet high is between the roads and the enemy, the Germans take no chances of missing anything important, and kept up a steady bombardment of shrapnel. As we drove along, there was a sudden crash and a shrapnel shell burst high in the air about sixty yards to our right. The French captain paid no attention to it. I eyed it with considerable mistrust. The chauffeur put on a bit more speed. That was all.

That night I spent at Battery Headquarters in a building which appeared to be an Inn, where a make-shift bed had been arranged for me in the dining-room. It was more luxurious than anything I had expected at the front. I was told that every building in the vicinity had been shelled by the Germans except this one, probably because some trees concealed it from the German balloons. I hoped that they

would not discover us that night. There was an alarm of German aeroplanes in the night, but I was too tired to get excited and went to sleep again. The next morning at breakfast, I learned that the Germans had tried to gas us in the night.

The arrangement of a modern battle line is fairly clear by this time to the American people, but the exact position of the anti-aircraft artillery may not be so clearly understood. The extreme front facing the enemy are the infantry trenches. Directly behind these are machine guns, which not only protect the infantry from attack from above, but force the hostile aeroplane to rise high enough in the air to be within reach of the shells of the anti-aircraft guns in the rear. The machine guns, therefore, by firing at hostile aeroplanes, force them to rise to such a height that the bursts of the anti-aircraft guns can take effect.

Many of these anti-aircraft guns are cleverly hidden from the German eyes. I visited one anti-aircraft gun which was set up in an elaborate system of trenches and dugouts. I remarked upon the excellence and care with which the trenches had been devised. "Yes," said the officer in charge of the batteries, "the

trenches are good, but we did not build them; they were built for a field battery which was here for some time until the Germans got the exact range and put it out of existence. The Germans, having the exact range, do not believe that anyone would be crazy enough to come back, but here we are."

On the sides of the trenches were dugouts which inside appeared to be veritable houses. Other dugouts were dressing stations and store rooms. In other dugouts, where soldiers lived, there were sometimes amusing names on signs over the doors. On a muddy road coming from the direction of the infantry trenches, I saw an American Ambulance driven by an American Ambulance Service man. No one seemed to pay any attention to men slightly wounded. I saw one man sitting on the roadside, with his head in his hands and a small pool of blood on the ground in front of him. He was probably on his way to a dressing station in the rear.

We crossed a bridge which was covered with little black pieces of high explosive shells, showing how the Germans had tried to kill persons on their way across. Bushels of such souvenirs could have been swept up on

the bridge. We passed a farm completely in ruins, and I picked up a large piece of an eight-inch shell that had perhaps aided in doing the damage. There were many graves at this place. Proceeding further, I saw some objects on the ground and asked what they were. We were told not to touch them as they were hand grenades that had not exploded and which might explode if touched. Everywhere on the ground about, were fragments from German shells of all sizes, and other odds and ends of a battlefield. From our left we could hear the noise caused by the firing of a French ten-inch gun above the other noises of the battlefield. These big guns are pushed into position on the battlefield by engines on tracks, and the guns are fired from the tracks. One amusing sight was that of a locomotive pulling a heavy train of cars and advancing down an ordinary wagon road. At first we could not make out the cause of the apparent miracle, but as we looked more closely we saw a squad of soldiers rushing back and forth in front of the train and laying down rails for it to run upon. This war has many strange sights.

We went beyond the line of anti-aircraft batteries, beyond where two days before, a

mobile battery had been demolished, to a point just back of where the machine gun trenches were situated. Overhead the German shells were bursting, while around us were great shell holes where some had landed. The location of the German trenches could be plainly seen, as well as the soldiers in the French first line infantry trenches. We could hear the rattle of the German machine guns. The German big guns were firing far over our heads at the French field batteries to the rear, and the French returned the fire over our heads at the German batteries. Frequently, the Germans dropped large shells, called "Big Berthas," after the lady proprietor of the Krupp works, which made a black explosion about sixty feet high and about thirty feet across. Near where I was standing, the Germans began to fire shrapnel, and one exploded about thirty yards away. I heard the bang and the succeeding whizzing as the shrapnel balls went past. Any shrapnel which can be heard is apt to be all right. When one bursts close to a person and he does not hear the balls go whizzing past, that's the one for his friends to fear.

At night, the firing still continues, but at irregular intervals. Both combatants, at dusk

and at night, shell all roads leading to the infantry trenches to prevent the bringing up of food and ammunition and other supplies for the men in the trenches. At frequent intervals during the night, both sides send up lights. The French flares only light up for an instant. The German flares light for some time. Rockets go up at intervals. The whole scene would be a wonderful pyrotechnic display if it did not signify the slaughter of men.

CHAPTER XX

FIGHTING AT CHEMIN-DES-DAMES

SO MUCH has been said and written about the tragic side of war that those at home are apt to forget at times that there is no game in the world as thrilling as war. It is sport carried to the nth power. It is a game played by enormous numbers with all the resources of the nation to call upon, and with life or death the stakes. It is natural for those who come to look on at the war to write out its sad results, but one might as well try to give an adequate description of a dinner party by telling about the dish-washing as to give an impression of war by describing the suffering and desolation which follow in its wake. To one who has had any experience of this great game of war, everything else in life thereafter seems a little dull.

And of all the varied phases of modern warfare, none has this element of sport more strongly marked than aircraft and anti-aircraft combat. When I was at the French

front, they were preparing for the infantry thrust by General Le Mestre towards Laon, which later brought them about eleven thousand prisoners and one hundred and sixty guns. Down long white poplar bordered roads, company after company of French troops were marching, stoically and in silence. There was a sort of pathetic patience about the way in which they carried the heavy burden of the war, and yet nothing could have been less pathetic than their heroism, when a few days later, they actually went over the top.

The sky was full of French aeroplanes, observing and photographing the German lines and getting ready for the infantry attack that was about to take place. Unusual hostile aerial activity indicates one of three things, an impending attack by the enemy, the relieving by the enemy of the arm holding the opposite lines, or a fear on the part of the enemy that you are about to attack. If no occasion has been given for the third situation, one of the other two will probably take place. If the hostile aerial activity is excessive, it is a sign of an impending attack by the enemy, generally in about three days.

The Germans use high explosives which

produce black smoke, and the French use shrapnel which produce white smoke. As the French planes circled above the German trenches, the air was filled with puffs of black smoke. Suddenly, a German aeroplane would dart over the French trenches, and the French anti-aircraft guns would speak in their turn. It is only seldom that a plane is actually struck by a shell from the anti-aircraft guns. The enemy is more apt to be frightened back to his own lines.

Each clear day this wonderful panorama in the air was repeated. Once I saw a German aeroplane fly near one of the French batteries with which I had been. It fired two shots and the aeroplane just managed to drop, apparently disabled, into the German lines. Because the aeroplane reached its own lines, these shots, which were right on top of the target, were called misses. Early one morning, two German aeroplanes tried to attack one of the French observation balloons. A French battery nearby placed a barrage between the aeroplane and the point above the balloon. The bombing aeroplane turned and gave up the attempt, followed by the other plane. This was extremely good shooting, but unfor-

tunately, the position of the French gun was now known. Soon after the German aeroplane had returned, shrapnel began to burst over the French anti-aircraft gun that had done the shooting. The crew at once called up their own batteries, which concentrated on the German gun and effectually stopped its fire. The next day the French changed the position of their anti-aircraft battery.

The French are extremely clever at anti-aircraft artillery, and the German is not nearly so good. I have often noticed black puffs and looked in vain for the French aeroplane, only to find that it was a mile or so in another direction; but when white puffs appeared against the blue the German plane was never very far away. This is good shooting, because it is considered a record to bring down one enemy plane for every six thousand shots.

The Germans were constantly bombing the French towns in rear of the French front. At Fimes, back of the then Aisne battlefield, I saw three private houses in the main part of the town, that had been entirely demolished. This was the work of two bombs on one night, and a third bomb about two weeks later. The

smaller towns of France, near the front, had a hard time when attacked by aircraft. It was impossible to give every town an adequate aircraft defence because the anti-aircraft guns were needed at the front and in the defence of Paris and at other important points. As a result of this scarcity of guns, the people of the smaller towns were often forced to submit to bombing without being able to fight back at the raiders. Germany did not neglect these opportunities of killing helpless old men, women and children, and so the number of dead non-combatants is quite large.

The French, however, are employing against the Germans the one means which seems to be effective in lessening to some degrees, German cruelties, and that is retaliation. For some time, the French have sent their aeroplanes over Germany, and when a French town has been bombed, a German town suffers also. This has decreased the number of German attacks considerably. It is only lately that the British have employed retaliation.

When the Germans first raided England, many people clamored for revenge, but the old element said, "Britons will never bomb Ger-

man cities with their civilian populations, no matter how much British cities may be bombed." These English took upon themselves a sort of superior air of righteousness. Other English said, "Let us bring home to the Germans, themselves, the horrors of what they are doing and perhaps they will stop." The first party kept England from revenging their cruelties in kind during all the first years of the war. While I was in London, whenever the German aeroplanes bombed London or other parts of England, the British aeroplanes responded by going over and bombing some fortified city in German Belgium. Poor Belgium, it did seem to many people that she had suffered enough without being bombed by the British because of German raids while the German cities went free. Finally, public opinion became so strong in favor of retaliation, that Lloyd George promised that it would take place, and Britain has just begun effectively to show the Germans what their own methods are like.

The civilian population suffers most from these air raids, because the infantry cantonments back of all the front line trenches are carefully protected with anti-aircraft guns and

the Germans are afraid to attack them too often. But it is impossible to protect, adequately, every village in France, and the Germans thus prefer to bomb the little home villages, and it is the old men, women and children who are forced to take the consequences.

CHAPTER XXI

THE CAPTAIN IS GASSED

WHILE I was making the observations, described in the previous chapter, along the Aisne front, Captain Wilder, in pursuance of his duty, had joined the French officers in the anti-aircraft dugouts behind the first line trenches. It was there that the only serious accident befell our party.

The anti-aircraft dugouts are built behind the infantry trenches in the position that best affords opportunity for firing upon the enemy planes. The actual artillery positions are moved from day to day. Positions are prepared in advance, and every day, after firing a certain number of shots, the battery is shifted to one of these new positions. So carefully have they been arranged, that firing is commenced within five minutes of arrival. The living quarters of the officers are some little distance from the guns. The dugout in which the Captain and his two companies were quartered, lay behind a small rise of ground,

sheltered by clumps of trees. It was a simple, bare room, almost entirely underground, shored up with rough planks and re-enforced by sandbags to protect the men within from bursting shrapnel. The furniture was made of rough boards and bits of packing cases, much like a rough camp in the lumber district in our own far West.

It is amusing to see the way in which man adapts himself to the most extraordinary conditions. The French officers had been living in this dugout for some time, and there were all manner of devices whereby the little uncomfortable temporary room was made into a habitable dwelling. No nation in the world knows less than the French about the sort of thing that we call camping, and yet here were these two Frenchmen from the city, adapting themselves with enthusiasm to just the sort of thing that delights the heart of American boyhood. Neat shelves had been built along the walls. Strings had been arranged so that the doors and windows could be opened and closed by the officers without getting out of bed. The beds were rough pine bunks, built against the wall. And most amusing of all, the sheets were made in the form of bags, as a protection

against the ever-present cooty. If one of these unwelcome visitors was discovered during the night, all that was necessary was to get up, turn the sheets inside out, and crawl in again. The bag-shaped arrangement was a protection against any further annoyance.

If there is one thing that the French do well, it is to maintain the amenities of life against adverse circumstances. The meals were served in this rough and make-shift dwelling with as much care and precision as though the pine table was in the dining-room of some villa of Southern France, and the tin dishes were the silver service of a gentleman. The orderlies brought in the meals and served them to the officers. Every day for dinner there were hors d'œuvres, soup, meat and vegetables, usually a salad, and some kind of dessert. The French officers assured the Captain that this had been their fare ever since the outbreak of the war, and that they had almost never missed a meal. Like all discomforts, the inconveniences of war seem worse at a distance than they do upon the spot. The only indication that the dugout was within range of the German guns was the fact that when the dinner was brought forward from the kitchen in the rear,

two men always carried it. Instead of one man carrying all the soup and all the meat, while the other carried all the vegetables and all the dessert, the food was so divided that each man was carrying with him a complete dinner, so that if one man was struck by a shell on the way, the officers need not go hungry.

It was a pleasant summer night, and Captain Wilder and his two companions had gone to sleep. It had been a quiet day and the Germans seemed to be resting up for some attack. The door of the little dugout was open to let in the summer-scented air, and peace seemed to reign over the countryside. Only an occasional distant booming sound indicated the presence of the enemy. In the small hours of the early morning, when sleep is deepest, an orderly appeared in the doorway and rousing the officers, announced the presence of gas. It was customary when a gas attack was impending to close all doors and windows of the dugout, and to sprinkle water over the muslin window coverings, which take the place of panes of glass. The gas commonly in use at that time, at the front, had an affinity for water, and if the muslin window curtains were

thoroughly soaked, the gas did not penetrate them.

The French officers, having instructed the orderly to proceed accordingly, lay down and went to sleep again. But accidents will happen in the best regulated armies, and the orderly did not latch the door. A few minutes later, Captain Wilder, who had been asleep during all the excitement, was awakened by a heavy odor of gas. He found the two French officers with the tears streaming down their faces, stumbling about the dugout setting out pans of water as best they could. Fortunately, the gas had come from some little distance, and had been so weakened that after a brief treatment, all three men were able to resume their duties. But it was some weeks before the Captain fully regained the use of his voice, and many months before attacks of the poisoning had ceased to recur.

Of all the weapons of modern warfare, poison gas seems to be the cruelest and the most infuriating. The modern soldier can respect an opponent who meets him with bullets or with cold steel, but the poison gas that creeps up in the night, suffocating and poisoning him, seems to any brave man like a

dastardly and barbarous weapon. The fact that the allied armies have been forced to adopt poison gas in sheer self-defence, does not mitigate the anger and horror of the French and English soldiers against the nation which invented such a weapon.

CHAPTER XXII

WHAT FRANCE THINKS

TWO QUESTIONS have been asked me more than any others since I have returned from the war zone. One of them is, "Is it true that France is exhausted?"; and the other, "What do the French think about the outcome of the war." There is but one answer to both. France is not exhausted; and France will fight to a victorious conclusion if it takes her last man, her last pound of food, and her last franc. But France is undoubtedly tired. For the first two years of the war she did far more than her share, owing to the almost completely unprepared condition of Great Britain. With insufficient guns, ammunition, food, clothing, organization, trained men and everything else that makes an efficient army, France, like Britain, was obliged to undergo huge unnecessary losses because her men were not fighting with the advantages possessed by their opponents. It has been said that Great Britain could have saved the lives of 200,000 of her

men, now dead, by having been adequately prepared. How many more lives of French soldiers might have been saved, considering that the French were obliged to defend a front originally nearly six times that of the British?

While France sustained the main burden of keeping back the enemy, the British gained the necessary time to prepare and perfect that wonderful organization that has equalled, and is surpassing, that of the Germans; but France is tired. She is like the relay runner who, having run another man's relay besides his own, needs a rest before he runs again. Give France a little chance to rest and she will come back stronger than ever.

And it is we who are giving the French the necessary help. With our wealth, with our enormous population, with our skill in organization and in invention, and with the glorious and prompt response which we have made to France's cry for help, there is no longer any doubt whatever, either as to the outcome of the war or as to the encouragement and moral support which we have given France. Nevertheless, we must not be too optimistic. Often I have heard Americans speak to the French about events which will happen "when we

invade Germany." And the answer is always the same, "It will be very difficult." When a Frenchman says that, he has much the same look of wistful sadness as when he uses the phrase "After the war." The French have fought so long and so gallantly, they have worked so hard and suffered so much, that the longing for peace with victory seems to them almost like something which has been promised them in another life.

The French are filled with enthusiasm over the splendid progress that we have made, and their expectations are without limit. One rather amusing aspect of this intense faith in our power is their firm belief that we are the most inventive people in the world.

I was constantly asked, "Que fait Monsieur Edison?" The French would not be astonished in the slightest if the inventors of the United States developed a new means of warfare that would revolutionize all present methods. In fact, they rather expect that something of the sort will take place. In their minds, they do not consider at all improbable that the country that produced the telegraph, the telephone, the aeroplane, the submarine, and nearly every other invention of impor-

tance, will now, when put to a test for its national existence, produce something of even greater moment. Sometimes I wondered if the French were already not a bit disappointed that we, to date, had done nothing startling.

It had been my good fortune to be present as one of the officers of the guard of honor when the first French mission was received by the Mayor of New York, at the New York City Hall, and I heard Viviani's stirring address on that occasion, and saw "Papa Joffre," when called upon for a speech, throw a kiss to the cheering crowd assembled in the Aldermanic Chamber. It was equally my good fortune to be present, as a member of the Mayor's Reception Committee, at the banquet given to the members of the French and British Missions at the Waldorf-Astoria.

I frequently told French officers about the enthusiasm of the crowds when the French Mission was in New York City, and they were always interested. A French officer told me that Joffre, impressed by the obviously sincere welcome and intense enthusiasm of the cheering crowds surrounding him, turned and said to a French officer near him, "If these people

mean what they say, I do not need to take the time to ask their government for their services. I can get them right now to fight to a finish against the Germans." Joffre and Viviani were impressed by the sincerity of their welcome and the good feeling that they have spread throughout France will endure.

France has suffered terribly. With much of her country obliterated and the inhabitants taken into slavery, with her sons killed and the murderers still on French soil, she fights bravely on, unmindful of her wounds, and without any other idea as to the outcome of this war except a victory for France and the ending forever of the frightful Prussian menace that has for years threatened her national existence. She is determined to have Alsace and Lorraine, for they were French. Some well-meaning Americans have suggested that a vote be taken among the population of Alsace and Lorraine, to determine whether they should be a part of France or Germany. Such a test would be unfair. Throughout France, I met men whose families had refused to stay in either Alsace or Lorraine under German rule, and who gave up their homes in order to continue to live under the French

flag. Germany has done everything possible to drive away the French and to cause Germans to settle in their places. There is no question how the real Alsace and Lorraine population would vote, thousands of whom no longer live in their old homes. Their desire is to be French. The new population introduced by Germany, of course, wishes to remain under the government that has awarded them some other man's land. The population of Alsace and Lorraine might vote to be French, notwithstanding all attempts to Germanize the people, but the vote, to be a real test, should include the exiles living in France. Many of these exiles are serving in the French Army at the risk of being instantly tried and shot as traitors by the Germans, if captured. One thing is sure: France intends to have back Alsace and Lorraine, and is ready to fight for them to the death.

It was a dark night after a heavy battle when the first American troops began to approach the front trenches. A friend of mine told me that as he marched his men down a road on their way to their positions in the front line, they passed column after column of tired and decimated French troops lined up by the way-

side to let them pass. The column was so near the German lines that no one spoke above a whisper, and it was too dark to see more than vague shapes as the American column passed. But suddenly it became known to some of the Frenchmen that it was an American regiment going into the trenches, and the word passed on down the long row of waiting figures. A whisper, "The American Relief!", "the Americans!!", went from mouth to mouth like the rustling of leaves when a wind sweeps through a forest. And at that, without a definite order, every Frenchman saluted and stood at attention until the Americans had passed. That is the spirit with which France is receiving us, and that is the gratitude which has put us on our honor to prove ourselves worthy of so much friendliness and faith.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE TRUTH ABOUT GERMAN ATROCITIES

MOST Americans do not appreciate the horrors of this war. No longer is there any of the sportsmanship that formerly existed in warfare. It is now merely a question of how to kill as many of the enemy as possible. The days at Petersburg, in Virginia, when the soldiers of the Northern Army in our Civil War, exchanged coffee with their enemies for Southern tobacco, do not exist in the present war. That is not Germany's method of fighting. Her soldiers are taught to hate and to kill.

I confess, when I went abroad, that I believed that the stories of German cruelties were exaggerated. I though that perhaps a few criminals brought into the army by universal conscription, had perpetrated crimes in isolated instances which should not be laid to the German armies as a whole. After my stay on the British and French fronts, I believe the terrible stories related to me, and what is more,

I believe that these cruelties are practiced with the knowledge and with the encouragement and frequently at the instigation of the German commanding officers. One wonders that human beings can be so bestial and cruel. From every direction the evidence is accumulating that the German excesses are part of a great governmental plan to overawe their adversaries by terrifying acts of cruelty. The killing of the women and children of London and other parts of England by aircraft, surely is not the work of any unauthorized persons. The shelling of life boats filled with women and children and civilian passengers, the submerging of a submarine with captives on its deck from whom all life preservers have been taken, all these cruelties must be done under the orders of the officers commanding the submarines. The burning of French and Belgian towns accompanied by a systematic slaughter of the inhabitants, must have been done because of orders of German officers present. On all sides the evidence piles up that the awful cruelties are part of a huge preconceived plan.

In the Somme, the Germans for some time customarily shelled the churches on Sunday

morning, when they thought the people would be at worship. Hospitals are a favorite object of German attack by aircraft, which turn their machine gun fire on the men and women nurses with the patients they are in the act of trying to save. A German aeroplane will follow an ambulance and try to kill, with machine gun fire, the occupants and the driver. In the Somme, all captured inhabitants were taken into slavery, and made to work back of the German lines. Prisoners were made to work under shell fire in the German front trenches. In fact, the British captured Russians who had been taken prisoners by the Germans on the East front, and were being made to work under fire of the British guns in the front line trenches on the West front.

I was told by both British and French soldiers that the Germans killed the wounded of their opponents and generally only take prisoners, in the case of the British and French, when a large number surrender at once. If a small number of British and French surrender, they are usually killed. Concerning the killing of wounded, Captain Ward, who talked German as well as he did

English, asked one of the many German prisoners he saw, how he liked being captured. His answer was, "I am glad to be captured." In answer to the question, "How were you caught?", he answered: "The British will spare you, if you act fast. I was near the mouth of a dugout and when the British came, I got my hands up fast and they let me out but they threw in a bomb and killed all my comrades. But I do not blame them for killing us when they can for *we are instructed to kill all their wounded.*"

It is a usual happening for a wounded German not only to shoot passing British or French soldiers, but also the person who has just bound his wounds or given him water. When the British make a charge, Germans will raise their hands and cry "Kamerad," and then shoot in their backs, the men who have just passed and spared their lives. We have all heard the story of the Canadian Scottish. Several of the Canadian Scottish who were captured by the Germans were frightfully mutilated and sent back to their own lines. The Canadians were wild with rage, and when they were permitted to charge, they swept everything before them. As they cap-

tured the German trench, they saw another of their men, a sergeant, crucified with bayonets through the palms of his hands, and still living. I mentioned this to an American who had served with the Canadians and had been present when this happened, and he laughed, a not pleasant laugh, "One crucified," said he, "there have been dozens." It is said that the Canadians die fighting, they never surrender.

A French captain told me that some of his men were taken into a building where kerosene was poured upon them and they were burned alive. A French officer told me that a company of his regiment became separated from the others and was captured by the Germans. Some time later the French found the bodies of these men in a trench, each with the head cut off and placed on the body, and indescribable indecencies practiced. There were no other marks on the bodies, showing that they had not been killed fighting. Their throats had been cut after they had been taken prisoners.

A French officer told me how he and several of his men were taken prisoners by the Germans during the first of the gas attacks, when the gas was not as strong as it is now.

He became insensible and awoke next day a prisoner with seven of his companions, while a German surgeon was working over him. While he was lying in that position, German soldiers came in and began killing his companions. He said one French boy, nineteen years of age, begged the soldier, whose rifle was pointed at his forehead, not to kill him for the sake of his mother. The officer told me that he turned his head away when the shot was fired. He added that all his companions were killed, but he was spared, perhaps, because he was an officer, and perhaps because a German surgeon was working over him at the time. This surgeon was an officer, and yet he made no attempt to stop his men from killing the prisoners. As the French officer said in his description to me, "These men were not killed fighting or when they tried to surrender on the battlefield, they were murdered the day after they had been disarmed and their surrender accepted."

One hardly wonders that certain of the regiments of the allies that have suffered, refuse to take prisoners. This is not as bad as it seems, for they let their adversaries die fighting and with a chance of killing them or they

pass prisoners along to a regiment that does take prisoners, so that their boast will be kept true.

The cruelty of the Germans has brought forth repayment in kind. An American, in the Canadians, who had been several times fired at by wounded Germans whom he had forborn killing, told me that he knew how to keep a wounded German quiet. I asked him what was his method. His answer was, "I just put a bomb under him and then he will keep quiet enough." I asked about the ambulance men, "Don't they get blown up by that same bomb when they try to move the wounded man?" "Oh, no!" he answered, "the ambulance men have four seconds to get out of the way."

A French officer told me a case of retaliation by a French soldier who had seen the bodies of several of his friends who had been wounded and killed and then mutilated. A wounded German called for water. The Frenchman, crazed by what he had seen, seized the wounded German and hurled him in a shell hole half full of water and drowned him, yelling at the same time, "Yes, I will give you all the water you wish."

Many Americans have said that they have lived in Germany, and that they cannot believe that the Germans are as cruel as pictured. The ordinary German that they have met and learned to like as a friend, does not seem to be a heartless murderer. I, too, have lived in Germany, and I have liked many Germans and have admired the efficiency of the German nation. But these facts do not cause me to close my eyes to Germany's faults. The reason why the German soldiers are cruel arises from the point of view of their rulers and from their form of government. If Germany had conquered the world, the men of this class would have been the supreme rulers everywhere. The remainder of the German population is controlled both by an iron discipline and by deceit. The remainder of the German population is what is meant by the commonly used term, "the German people." The German people were told by their rulers, when the German armies first moved, that the French and Russians had already invaded Germany, and that the British were in Belgium. Diaries of soldiers show that the ones invading Belgium, were stung to fury by their officers who told them that the Belgian inhabitants were

poisoning the wells and murdering their comrades in other barbarous ways. There is no question but that these stories, with the exception of some firing by civilians, which could be easily controlled, were entirely invented by the German officers to enrage their men with intent to cause them to commit excesses. Diaries of soldiers show that it was the officers who ordered their men to kill the enemy wounded and prisoners. In the heat of battle, it is very easy for soldiers to obey such commands. Atrocities provoked some retaliation, and this made it yet easier for the German soldiers to continue as they began.

The frightfulness begins with the German Emperor, who commanded his soldiers going to China, to spare no one, to kill all prisoners, to emulate Atilla the Hun, to create such terror in China that a Chinaman would fear for years to come to look askance at a German. From his own words, his soldiers are now called "Huns" by the British. His Kingdom of Prussia has grown great by the robbery and forcible annexation of the territory of his neighbors. His throne and power are based on bloody wars.

The only limit of German barbarity is set

by a fear of retaliation by her enemies. Recently, I was asked why Germany had not tried to spread disease germs, which would cause epidemics among her enemies. My answer was that Germany had tried spreading disease germs in Roumania, and would do the same thing on the West front, were it possible to do so, and provided that she did not fear retaliation.

Germany has reduced cruelty to a science and her method of reasoning is much as follows: War is legalized murder or the killing of as many of your adversaries in a short time as possible; any means to bring about the winning of the war are justified in warfare; wounded enemy soldiers should be killed because you are exhausting their man power without having to guard or feed anyone; your own wounded men should continue fighting for they then continue to be of value; for a wounded man to await his opportunity and then kill the man who has perhaps bound his wounds, is all right, for he is continuing to fulfill the purpose of his being in the army, namely, killing the enemy and to accomplish that end he may use any necessary artifice; the inhabitants may be taken into slavery for their

labor is needed in factories and on fortifications; anything is justified, according to German opinion, which will win the war for Germany.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE ENEMY IN THE HOUSE

IT IS difficult for a Frenchman to understand the melting pot of America. It is something new in the history of the migration of races. To go and live in France and to take out French citizenship papers does not make a Frenchman any more than residence in China would make him a Chinaman; and it is almost impossible for the French to understand that living in America does actually change the individual into an American. Just what quality in our civilization makes this possible, we ourselves, do not understand.

In France, all men of German birth or descent, departed and joined the German Army or remained as spies in France. There were sons of many mixed marriages between French and German persons who entered the French Army. I was told that everyone of these men turned out to be a traitor to France. The prejudice is so great that the French

believe that no one of German origin can be trusted.

In Great Britain, the situation is much the same. Many Germans resided in England, and later, they furnished the guides for many of the early Zeppelin raids. Others remained as spies. Many others claimed to be loyal and undoubtedly were loyal. So many of them, however, were not loyal, that the good suffered with the bad and Britain would trust none of them. The country is over-run with spies, and the authorities intend to root them out no matter who suffers.

Even Americans who have served in the British or French Armies question the use of men of recent German origin. An American with the Canadians told me that in his regiment there was one man whose father was German and his mother English. He claimed to be very bitter against the Germans. One day, from the trenches, a wounded British officer was seen in "No Man's Land" and this man volunteered to go and rescue him. He crawled from the British trenches towards the wounded man, passed him and kept right on into the German lines. Thereafter the German guns were given the exact range of where

his old companions were stationed and, as a result, a Major of the regiment with a couple of staff officers were killed besides a large number of other soldiers.

The experiences of France and Great Britain are due to many reasons. The countries are not a long distance from Germany and it is not difficult for their German residents to maintain contact with their old home. Being so close, both have many German visitors or temporary residents who do not intend to give up their German citizenship or to reside permanently away from Germany. These temporary residents keep the permanent residents in constant touch with Germany. In addition, neither France nor Great Britain expect a German to become naturalized. The European countries try to hold a citizen to his allegiance in no matter what other country he may be living. All of the European countries have disliked the actions of the United States in naturalizing their subjects.

In the United States the situation is very different. America is so far away from Germany that most German settlers go there intending to remain permanently. Instead of expecting these settlers to preserve any senti-

ment for the land of their birth, the United States has naturalized them and has at once demanded their full allegiance even as against the land in which they were born. In the United States a divided allegiance is not recognized.

This attitude has led to some misunderstanding. The French seriously believed, as late as 1915, that if we were to go to war with Germany we should have on our hands a disloyal element as large as our German population, and it is a constant source of wonder to both the British and the French that so many of our army in France are the children and grandchildren of German parents. They would not wonder if they knew more about our history. The first large influx of Germans was in the middle of the eighteenth century prior to our revolution. The descendants of these men are the same as any other real Americans and the only thing German about them is perhaps their family name. Germans came to this country in large numbers prior to and following the German unrest in the forties. These men and the ones who followed them, furnished many soldiers in the Northern armies in the Civil War and saved at least one

State to the Union. There is no question about the loyalty of the descendants of these men for their ancestors came to the United States because of sympathy for an unsuccessful revolt against the very things that the United States is fighting against now. Practically no men such as these settled in France or Great Britain.

Some years ago, I lived for about two years in a city in Prussia. Placards were posted urging the people to settle in America and setting forth how much higher wages could be earned there. The placards contained the following significant statement of which I give a free translation, "You can be just as much a German in America as in Germany." The United States is a unit in believing that any former German who tries to carry out that doctrine is no American; he is an enemy. Then there is another kind of German: the one who has come over to blow up our munition works, to start strikes, to encourage sabbotage among workers, to influence us through our press to our damage, to get us into war with Mexico, to encourage a hatred for Japan, to stir up South America against us, to do anything and everything that will hurt us and

help Germany. There is a quick way of handling such persons used by France which our Government may be forced to employ.

The United States holds a high standard for her citizens of foreign extraction to follow. Any German-American who says that he would defend this country were it attacked, but will not take any part in the war in Europe, is set down as offering a paltry excuse to this, his country. Our history has taught us that members of many of the older American families had ancestors who were Englishmen and who fought the land of their birth and won the independence of this country. The descendants of these men consider that it is not too much to ask a man of German birth to preserve that independence from attack by Germany.

I once met a French officer who had no French blood in him at all. His father and mother were both English and had been brought to France when children, and he had been born and reared in France. He considered himself thoroughly French. One day we were talking about what his attitude would be in the event that war should sometime arise between France and Great Britain. He ques-

tioned whether he would fight against Great Britain under such circumstances and he marveled when I told him that Americans of German birth were supposed to be as ready to fight Germany as any other American.

Only persons who have been to the United States can understand our point of view. A young Scotch officer told me the following: "I visited America about five years ago. I stayed with an uncle in Pennsylvania. He and his wife were Scotch. Say, but I admire the sentiment you teach in your schools. My young cousin got talking to me about America. I referred to him as being Scotch and he got quite angry. He said he was an American and there was nothing Scotch about him. He said it made no difference from where one's ancestors came, if one became an American he was as much of an American as any of the oldest settlers. Why that boy was really Scotch on both sides and he actually talked like that and believed what he said. I admire your schools because they are teaching that a boy must be an American and that he cannot be something else at the same time, and your boys believe what they are being taught."

I think that the young Scotch lieutenant

correctly set forth the American point of view. Nearly every regiment going to France has men on its rolls whose names show their German ancestry. Let not the loyal man of German extraction suffer for the sins of the disloyal, but when the latter is caught let him suffer quick and severe punishment as an example to all spies and traitors.

CHAPTER XXV.

WE HAVE COME

When the French officers who had been assigned to instruct the army of the United States in France first inspected the regulars, they expected to find seasoned troops who were well trained and organized according to modern theories. They found, instead, regiments largely composed of recruits and lacking a large part of the training and equipment required for modern warfare.

After our army arrived in France, the number of men in the companies was changed, as well as the number in the regiments, brigades, divisions and corps. Many supply and auxiliary units had to be formed. There was no provision for grenadiers, bombardiers or other like positions necessary for modern infantry fighting.

They did not have any conception of how to meet or how to use gas or liquid fire. Their method of fighting with the bayonet was at once abandoned for the British system. They

were ignorant of trench warfare as practiced abroad. To send such troops into battle would have been to send them to destruction. The only thing was done that could be done. All through Eastern France, towns were given over to the American soldiers and there they began to learn the modern way of making war.

I have only mentioned a few of the troubles of the army when it first arrived in France. The persons in control of the government in Germany, openly stated to their people that it would make no difference to them in the war whether the United States came into it or not, that in military effectiveness the United States was about equal to Roumania. They stated that it was rather an advantage to have the United States among Germany's enemies, because it was powerless to fight, but could pay Germany's bills after it had been conquered. Now all this is changed.

The personnel of the American Army has saved the situation. The men of our splendid forces are like those of the troops of the best foreign regiments. Officers and men are intelligent, willing and most enthusiastic. Their record has shown that they will equal or surpass any of the other armies, for in spite of

their handicaps, they started with many advantages not possessed by the others. Not only have most of the Americans a fair education, but they have within their number many highly trained technical men. The quality of the officers obtained from the training camps has been of the best. The conscripts have surpassed everyone's expectations and are gloriously vindicating our hopes for them.

The American Army has the additional advantage of being able to learn the science of warfare without the necessity of undergoing the costly mistakes of its allies. Both France and Great Britain have sent large numbers of their best officers to the army in France to act as instructors. Realizing that it knew nothing of modern war-making, the American Army in France began its military education by first learning elementary principles before trying to learn the more complex ones. Slowly but surely, General Pershing is turning his men into trained soldiers.

The American soldiers have another advantage in that their moral conditions are of the highest. The officers and men of the American Army are worked very hard, get few leaves of absence, and practically never get a

chance to go to a large city like Paris. The painted women of Paris by censor get few opportunities to get at the Americans. The greatest encouragement to immorality was the excessive pay given to the American enlisted soldier in France. The French private soldier received five cents a day while the American private soldier was paid thirty dollars a month or approximately one dollar a day. It was practically impossible for a soldier to spend legitimately the French equivalent of thirty dollars or one hundred and fifty francs a month, and General Pershing sent to the United States a request that his men be not given so much money. As a result of his complaint, a soldier is now made to save a part of his pay, or if he has a wife or family, a part is paid to her or to them for her or their support.

The foreign armies marvel at the abstemiousness of the Americans. Wine is issued to the French soldiers as part of their ration. The British soldiers are issued rum. Our soldiers are encouraged not to drink at all. The soldiers of the other nations do not admire the non-drinking of the American soldiers; they rather look upon their point of view as

something queer in a person who otherwise is very sensible.

I told many French and British soldiers about the sixth division of the National Guard with which I was stationed on the Mexican border during the summer and early fall of 1916. I told an English Lieutenant-Colonel that during its tour of duty on the border, the commander of this division had prevented all its men from drinking and with the co-operation of the civil authorities had closed up all the vice resorts, and as a result his men were morally good in every way. His comment was "Poor fellows!"

The discipline maintained by General Pershing is very strict. He believes in watching for and correcting small defects, and he does not hesitate to set right any person no matter who he may be. The officers and men are afraid of him, and with good cause. The General has decreed that no married officer may have his wife in France. No soldier will be permitted to return to the United States unless on duty, or unless his term of active service is at an end. Every officer going to France does so for the duration of the war. The officers and men of the American army

are worked hard, but they are cheerful and are looking forward to their turn at the front. Foreign officers marvel at their aptitude and good nature in their work. In the American army camps in France the seriousness of the war is fully appreciated and the success of our troops in battle shows the result of their careful training.

But we must not relax for an instant our efforts at home. We are going to win the war, because we are doing the one thing necessary to win it. We are sending abroad overwhelming numbers of troops and supplies. Our troops, young and fresh, are more than a match for the Germans, man for man. What we have to fear is the German organization. If we will put into the field, as we easily can, twice as many troops as are opposite to us on the western front the victory will be won with comparatively small loss of life. When the Germany army does break it will go all to pieces. Practically ever German who can carry a gun is on the west front while women and prisoners do the work at home. The British Army cannot supply surplus troops. Their armies are scattered throughout the globe. We alone can furnish

troops until we out-number the Germans two or three to one. When that happens, Germany will collapse and there will be no further question of dealing with the Kaiser. The fighting on our front has shown that our men are anxious and eager to get into the fight, whereas the armies of all the other belligerents are tired of the war, the Germans no less than the French and the British. But we are fresh, we are young and we will win the war.

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH
DAY AND TO $1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY
OVERDUE.

JAN 30 1934

DEC 06 1988

AUTO DISC SEP 06 '88

LD 21-100m-7,'33

YB 21416

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES

C006749209

436073

D541
S8

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY